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THE AMICABLE QUIXOTE;

OR,

THE ENTHUSIASM OF FRIENDSHIP.

VOL. II.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE AMICABLE QUIXOTE;

OR,

THE ENTHUSIASM OF FRIENDSHIP.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Who knows the joys of Friendſhip?
The truſt, ſecurity, and mutual tenderneſs?
The double joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendſhip our only wealth, our laſt retreat and ſtrength,
Secure againſt ill fortune and the world.

ROWE, *Fair Penitent.*

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

THE

AMICABLE QUIXOTE.

CHAP. IX.

Every part of the world ſhoots up daily into more ſubtilty: the very ſpider weaves her cauls with more art and cunning to intrap the fly.

The ſhallow ploughman can diſtinguiſh now
'Twixt ſimple truth and a diſſembling brow.
Your baſe mechanic fellow can ſpy out
A weakneſs in a Lord and learns to flout.

A mad world, my maſters,

by THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Le ſentiment de l'indépendance étant un des premiers inſtincts de l'homme, celui qui joint, à la jouiſſance de ce droit primitif, la ſûreté morale d'une ſubſiſtance ſuffiſante, eſt incomparablement plus heureux que

l'homme riche, environné de loix, de maîtres, de préjugés, & de modes qui lui font ſentir à chaque inſtant la perte de ſa liberté.

RAYNAL HIST. PHILOS. DES INDES,
Tom. VIII. Liv. 17. (Edit. 1780.)

THE friendſhip and the confidence of Emily Bryant was thus completely ſecured by the Albins. Her partiality for Bruce was confirmed by his apparent fidelity, and augmented by the poſſibility of again receiving him in the character of an honourable lover and a tried friend. The hoſpitable beneficence, the ingenuous freedom, and the zealous attachment of Mr. Albin, were only to be excelled by the ſprightly manners, the refined elegance, and the ſolicitous tenderneſs of his wife.

The ſuperb arrangement of their houſe and table at leaſt equalled the ſplendour, to which Emily had been accuſtomed; and

the

the very great diſtinction with which ſhe was received, whenever ſhe honoured them with a viſit, flattered her conſequence and ſoothed her ſorrows. Mr. Albin recounted, at various times, the delight he had received, from his intimacy with Bruce. He extolled him with all the fervour of laviſh panegyric. He praiſed his perſon, his bravery, his accompliſhments. He ſaid the world had indeed ſometimes called him profligate, but with too much ſeverity, for his heart had only been too capable of receiving ſoft and tender impreſſions. That he was envied by the men becauſe he was beloved by the women, and that he was beloved by the women becauſe he was envied by the men. He always concluded his elogy by obſerving, that Bruce had no fault but *inconſtancy*; that his affection for

women was exceſſive, but that he loved the ſex rather than the individual.

Emily repaid his applauſe with a tear of gratitude, but it ſprung ſometimes from a joyful eſtimate of Bruce's worth, and ſometimes from exceſs of hopeleſs diſapprobation. Of his accuſations reſpecting Bruce's failings ſhe often knew the truth, and oftener feared it. But ſhe cultivated the opinion which is ſo prevalent, and certainly ſo ruinous to female happineſs, that giddy pleaſure, and luxurious folly, take their riſe only in a generous and noble mind; and it was her pride that the man, who had been loved by ſo many women, ſhould ſo long continue her ſlave.

Mrs. Albin played a part in the drama with equal diligence and ſucceſs. "She "had long wiſhed for the honour of Miſs

" Bryant's acquaintance. Highly ſenſible
" of her ſuperiority in rank, in opulence,
" in taſte, and in beauty, ſhe yet more ad-
" mired her for the exemplary goodneſs,
" and patient equanimity, with which ſhe
" had borne ſome diſagreeable occurrences
" in her own family. To the inſolent in-
" truſions, and ill-ſuited admonitions, of
" Lady Warynton, the whole world had
" been long witneſs. She was infamous
" for promoting domeſtic unhappineſs;
" that is, for making matches, as well as
" breaking them; for deſtroying the peace
" of families by innovation, and by pre-
" venting every union wherein ſhe was not
" conſulted. Mrs. Albin ſpoke merely
" from her affection, ſhe might ſay, to Miſs
" Emily, and ſhe expreſſed the warmeſt,
" the moſt unlimited gratitude for the ob-

"ligation ſhe felt in receiving the viſits of "ſo amiable a woman." Never was the ſpeech of Lady Macbeth to Duncan ſo ſkilfully parodied:

"All our ſervice
"In every point twice done, and then done double,
"Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
"Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
"Your Majeſty loads our houſe."

If her expreſſions were not ſo eloquent, her deſigns were at leaſt as deſtructive.

But the moſt dexterous exertions of Mrs. Albin's policy were yet to come, and it was not till ſhe had fully attained an influence over Miſs Bryant's heart, that ſhe ventured to attempt a more ſentimental villainy. A very ſhort time rendered her entirely the confidant of her credulous victim, and from that time ſhe began to

praiſe,

praiſe, with invariable zeal and artifice, the virtues and attractions of her huſband, Mr. Albin.

Emily re-echoed her encomiums with ſincerity and delight. She really felt for theſe two people all the ſenſations of gratitude and fondneſs. She beheld them as the tutelary powers who were to befriend her lover and protect herſelf. Perſons of their wealth could not be ſwayed by ſelfiſh motives. She had ſeen them very frequently, and had always found them beneficent to others and happy in themſelves. Mrs. Lewſton, who was her mother's invariable privy-counſellor, the prime miniſter and approved agent in her moſt important concerns, ſhe had introduced them to her as the benefactors and friends of her beloved Bruce.

Superadded to all this, ſhe found the hours glide away at Mr. Albin's in a perpetual tenour of ſprightly amuſement and elegant levity. Every ſpecies of diverſion was cultivated to attract her regard, and the refined pleaſures of taſte and ſentiment won her eſteem and animated her ſenſibility.

It may reaſonably be aſked how Emily obtained ſuch liberty as frequently to receive theſe inſtances of Mr. Albin's reſpect and of Mrs. Albin's affection. It ſeems unaccountably ſtrange that a young unmarried lady of rank ſhould be ſo much her own miſtreſs as to diſpoſe of her time, to regulate her viſits, and to chooſe her acquaintance, without conſulting her family or friends. That ſhe ſhould go twice or three times in a week privately, accom-

panied

panied only by her attendant, Mrs. Lewſton, and that no enquiry ſhould be made by her mother concerning Emily's amuſements when ſhe herſelf was abroad. The ſolution of theſe difficulties confirms that diſtinguiſhed feature in the character of Lady Bryant, who, as ſhe was one of the moſt beautiful and moſt elegant women ever ſeen, was alſo one of the moſt jealous leſt her daughter's attractions ſhould turn the ſtream of admiration out of its accuſtomed courſe. She conſidered that thoſe years which increaſed Emily's beauty, more than matured her own. She found that in public ſhe would ſoon be in danger of reverence rather than of love. She therefore determined to confine her daughter to ſcenes of more domeſtic paſtime, and had ſo entirely left off introducing her

into

into public company, that ſhe ſeldom or ever was ſeen abroad. Such a privation of the pleaſures ſhe was entitled to by her birth, her fortune, and her demeanour, was endured by Emily with patient obedience. She went frequently to paſs ſome weeks with Mrs. Ellyſon, and her private hours at home ſhe employed in exerciſing thoſe talents which an excellent education had before completed. But the fabulous return of Bruce interrupted the regularity of her ſtudies and the tranquillity of her amuſements. She recollected the homage ſhe received when ſhe was abroad, ſhe conſulted her glaſs, examined her countenance, recognized her beauty, and began to urge loudly her injured claims to liberty and admiration. Sir Edward now interfered, but ſo feebly that the utmoſt licence he

could obtain from his deſpotic wife, in behalf of his oppreſſed daughter, was the freedom of private excurſions with Mrs. Lewſton, on condition of being ſo humbly dreſſed that no one ſhould know the daughter of Sir Edward Bryant. Thus driven from the line in ſociety to which ſhe was bred, ſhe had little, except the delight derived from her accompliſhments, to gratify her mind, but the ſolitary conſolation and the illiterate ſociety of Mrs. Lewſton, an inferior and a domeſtic. With this woman ſhe went frequently to walk, to take an airing, to purchaſe implements for drawing, muſic, and other toys and trifles. Her apparel was all bought by Lady Bryant, with a careful and cautious preclusion of every article that might decorate her beauty; and, to ſhew how petty paſſions may lead

to the commiſſion of the blackeſt crimes, Lady Bryant, in reply to the few inquiries which were made after her daughter, cauſed a report to be circulated which hinted at a too great partiality towards the other ſex. This falſehood, which was hid from Emily, preſerved Lady Bryant from the cenſure of the world. Whenever her daughter was mentioned *ſhe bedewed the well-coined falſehood* with her tears. The world, ever ready to commiſerate the ſufferings of a parent, think it impoſſible ſo near a relation can ſully the character of a child by ſtudied defamation. To ſuch haſty fautors of immutable rectitude, I ſubmit the contemplation of Lady Bryant's character; a woman not naturally bad, but tempted to this exquiſite ſpecies of lurking villainy by ſelf-love and jealous apprehenſion.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

I have heard an obſervation, which was made by ſome one of later days, that there are no worſe men than bad authors. A remark of the ſame kind hath been made on ugly women; and the truth of both ſtands on one and the ſame reaſon, viz. that they are both tainted with that curſed and deteſtable vice of Envy; which, as it is the greateſt torment to the mind it inhabits, ſo it is capable of introducing into it a total corruption, and of inſpiring it to the commiſſion of the moſt horrid crimes imaginable.

Fielding's Journey from this World to the next, Chap. 24.

THE family of Miſs Bryant having thus, as Othello emphatically expreſſes it,

" Whiſtled her off, and let her down the wind
" To prey at fortune,"

ſhe was now tied to the company of Mrs. Lewſton, with whom Albin ſoon after claimed an acquaintance. From this time

time the ſociety of Emily was improved, and her pleaſures augmented. Inſtead of paſſing her time in a dull courſe of ſolitary avocations, in a houſe where ſhe was neither reſpected nor entertained, ſhe roſe in an inſtant to love, ſplendour, and conſequence. From dinner till night ſhe paſſed two or three evenings in every week at Albin's; as ſhe made no addition to her dreſs, and went always with Mrs. Lewſton, the place of appointment was never ſuſpected.

About this time Lady Warynton, whoſe houſe was a *marriage market*, where ſhe had brought together above twenty couples who ſcarcely met afterwards, planned a match between Emily and Lord Spelman. I have before mentioned, that Lord Spelman renewed his acquaintance with the Bryants,

Bryants, becauſe he wiſhed to ſee their daughter, and if he found her a proper object for the attention of a man of rank, he fully purpoſed paying her his addreſſes. All this was however unknown to Lady Warynton, who had no other view in the ſcheme than to make herſelf of weight and importance, to carry on the trade of *interference*, which ſhe had ſo long maintained, and to have a freſh opportunity of appearing the author of two young people's union. The happineſs of either party had little ſhare in the deſign; for if ſhe could have married them to any body elſe, her ends might have been as well anſwered. She opened her mind to Lady Bryant, who at firſt oppoſed it with much vehemence, then changed her opinion, and finally left it in ſuſpenſe. This was ſufficient for

Lady

Lady Waryntoń: ſhe wanted neither immediate conſent, nor ſpeedy deciſion. She repaired to Emily to tell her the buſineſs, without firſt acquainting her mother that ſhe intended it, and entered her cloſet as ſhe was writing a letter to Bruce: "My "dear Miſs Bryant, I am really grieved "to ſee you ſo perpetually immured; but "come, don't deſpair; better days may "happen, and I hope will, ay, and that "very ſoon. Do you know, Emily, that "I have been endeavouring to prevail on "your mother to ſet you free, and to place "you in a ſituation more fit for the daugh-"ter of Sir Edward Bryant. Well, ſhall "I tell you all? She has conſented, and "we ſhall ſoon have the happy day. I'll "be there, Emily, indeed I will. I'll aſſiſt. "You know I love you, elſe indeed I had

not

" not taken all this trouble to help you.—
" Well, what d'ye ſay? Are you not very
" glad? Are you not obliged to me? I'm
" ſure I ſhould feel myſelf highly indebted
" to you on the ſame occaſion: and then,
" you know, what a delightful thing to be
" miſtreſs of one's own time, and to poſſeſs
" all the privileges I have obtained for
" you. You ſhall make me your conſtant
" companion, my dear, as ſoon as it once
" happens; I'll be often with you, and we
" will go every where, and do every thing.
" You know how you was entertained laſt
" year, when I took you to the Opera?—
" Don't you remember the duet between
" Mara and the Rubinelli? Yes, Emily,
" yes, we'll be always together, we will,
" my dear creature!"——

In this ſtrain of empty babble did Lady Warynton proceed for above twenty minutes. Emily ſat wondering; but, when ſhe had quite done, expreſſed her thanks for the kind intention of procuring an enlargement. She hoped the time would not be very long before it took place; ſhe ſhould be ever ſenſible of Lady Warynton's goodneſs, and would take care to merit it by a proper uſe of her liberty. *Lady W.* "I "have no doubt but that you'll behave admirably; and I aſſure you, Lord Spelman "deſerves all your tenderneſs, for he'll "make an excellent huſband." *Emily.* "Huſband!"——"Yes, my dear, I was "going to tell you, but you would not "give me time; indeed you ſhould not "make me talk ſo much, for it fatigues

"me dreadfully; I am now ſo ill with this
"great exertion, that I can hardly ſpeak.
"Hear me, I'm as hoarſe as an oboe out
"of tune—I dare ſay I could not ſing
"now."—"Dear Lady Waryntoń, go on
"with what you mentioned; ſurely you
"did not ſpeak of a huſband."——"Not
"ſpeak of a huſband, my dear! Indeed I
"did, and intend that you ſhall ſpeak with
"one——a fine tall, ſmall, young, pretty,
"fine, fiery, indeſcribable man; none of
"your——but, however, you ſhall ſee him.
"The friend that I recommend to you,
"Miſs Bryant, is elegant, is proper, is to
"be eſteemed, to be looked up to; he is
"every thing that is *covetable*; he is ſo
"refined, ſo graceful, ſo well-bred——in
"ſhort, ſo much *my* friend that he can
"hardly fail of ſucceſs. As to Lady Bry-

"ant, ſhe'll ſoon come into it; and if ſhe "does not, why, you and I know that "muſt be managed."——Emily trembled with apprehenſion: "If you are my "friend, Lady Warynton, oblige me by "explaining what you can poſſibly mean "in all this; who is this third perſon you "ſpeak of ſo ambiguouſly, and whom I "have ſcarcely heard named? Tell me "all, I implore you; and let me know if "the conditions of my preſent deliverance "are to be ſuch as muſt totally deſtroy all "poſſibility of future happineſs."—"My "dear Emily, you are ſo haſty: can you "not rely upon my word? He is young "and handſome, and has a very large for-"tune; beſides, his rank, which is ſuperior "to your's, is to be conſidered: O! I think "it's the propereſt thing in the world, I "aſſure

"assure you; and if you would take my "opinion, he is the very man. Come, "come, you would very well become the "title of Lady Spelman."—"Good God! "Madam, is *that* the design?—To marry "me!——to marry me to Lord Spel-"man!"——Her tears, which flowed in abundance, prevented her utterance; and Lady Warynton, who had neither sensibility to feel nor sense to comprehend her griefs, was amazed at her agitation. At last Emily recovered herself and was going to speak——"Pray, my dear," said Lady Warynton, "is not that a new cap of your's? "I protest it's pretty——pray, now, this "blond, what did it cost a yard? I saw "Lady H. in one, last night, at the Ridotto, "which was much prettier; but really you "seem to know the fashion pretty well for

"one who never goes out." "I ſpoke," replied Emily, "on a more ſerious ſubject, "and I hoped that your ladyſhip would "have attended to me."—"O Lord! ay, "true, child—your huſband—your huſ- "band that is to be: well, come, I anti- "cipate your ſurprize—theſe are what I "ſuppoſe you call *tears of joy*: well, hea- "ven be praiſed, I never knew either "tears of joy or ſorrow, ſo that I can't "tell the difference—Well, but Lord Spel- "man—yes, Emily, he is the man—my "friend Lord Spelman is to make you "happy—Bleſs me! what ails you? Nay, "nay, never fear, we ſhall ſoon bring "Lady Bryant to conſent."—"Madam," interrupted Emily, "I do not wiſh her to "conſent. I find you very much miſtake "me. Why am I to marry Lord Spel-

"man,

"man, or any other man, without being "firſt previouſly conſulted?"—"What did "you ſay, my dear?" ſaid Lady Warynton: "did not I hear ſomething about *conſulted?*" "It was more than I did, Madam," replied Emily.—"And more than you ought "to hear, child—*Conſult!*—heaven and "earth!—conſult a girl of eighteen about "marriage!—a girl of eighteen pretend to "judge about marriage!—Why, my pretty "one, I ſhall expect to ſee you pay the "national debt—certainly a perſon of your "prodigious diſcernment may accompliſh "ſo eaſy a taſk without much difficulty." "Do me the favour," ſaid Emily, "do "me the favour, my good Lady Waryn-"ton, to recollect that your friend Mr. "Temple has deſcribed a certain ſort of "people who attempt ridicule, without

"ſucceeding, under the name of *pſeudo-*
"*ſneerers*; they have the excluſive privi-
"lege of raillery without offence, becauſe
"they are as little underſtood by others as
"by themſelves."—"Thou moſt inſolent
"young creature!" replied her ladyſhip—
"d'ye ſuppoſe he could have the pertneſs
"to mean me?"—"Probably not, Madam,
"for he ſaid nothing about the imperti-
"nence of intruders."—"I don't under-
"ſtand you, Miſs Bryant."—"Then I
"commend your ladyſhip's prudence more
"than I do your penetration."—"You
"are very ſaucy, Emily; but I ſee your
"drift—Come, child, you had better make
"a friend of me—you know that my in-
"tereſt in your family is very great—I
"have a voice, Miſs Bryant, I have a
"voice!"——"Yes, Madam, and not a

"very

" very perſuaſive one."—" You ſhall ſee " that, Madam—we will try whether your " friends can liſten to reaſon better than " yourſelf."—" Madam," ſaid Emily, " I " am not to be ſold."——" *Sold!*—what " d'ye mean, girl?—*Sold!*" repeated Lady Warynton. " You ought to underſtand, Miſs " Bryant, that I know the management of " thoſe affairs as well as any body—*I* was " not *ſold*, Miſs Bryant."—" No, Ma- " dam," replied Emily, " the eſtate was " given for a title, and Lady Warynton " was the only incumbrance."

The diſcourſe was now interrupted by a ſhort pauſe: the direct ſpeeches of Emily had been very unwelcome to the dignity of Lady Warynton; but the laſt was, from its truth and ſtrength, a perfect ſtroke of electricity. " Since you are ſo unfit to be

" let

"let looſe upon ſociety, Miſs Bryant, I "ſhall counſel your mother to tighten her "chains; and I will tell her that, in any "propoſal of marriage, you expect to be "*conſulted.*"—"So do you, Lady Waryn-"ton: but, perhaps, we may both be diſ-"appointed. However, I fancy you'll find "*my* conſent neceſſary."

"Your conſent!—*yours!*—I ſhould as "ſoon think of aſking your conſent to *bury* "you as to *marry* you.—What are you, "pray, more than others? I never had my "conſent aſked; no, I was too obedient: "I know my duty ſo well, that I can lay "my hand upon my heart, and ſay, I did "not care two-pence for my huſband be-"fore I married him."——"Nor ſince, "Lady Warynton, or the world wrongs "you moſt egregiouſly; you have been a

"moſt

" moſt *conſtant* wife !"—" I ſhall take care
" that this flippancy hurts no one elſe,
" child—you are fit for no one's company
" but your own."—" I wiſh I could pre-
" vail on your ladyſhip to think ſo."—
" No, I have ſtill ſuch a reſpect for your
" family, that I will even expoſe myſelf to
" your affronts to effect a match which I
" know is for your good. No one in the
" houſe would treat me with ſo much un-
" becoming freedom, Emily, as you do:
" and pray now, let me aſk you one ſe-
" rious queſtion; What can it be to me
" whether you marry or live ſingle? Have
" I any intereſt in ſeeing you ſettled for
" life? Can you, upon ſeriouſly weighing
" the matter, ſuppoſe that I have the moſt
" diſtant proſpect of deriving any advantage
" from your union?"

Juſt

Juſt at the middle of this ſpeech, in came Lady Spelman. "Indeed, Lady Waryn-"ton, you are very right——I'm quite "of your opinion—what was you ſaying? "but, however, it's no matter, for I'm "ſure the remark, whatever it was, was "perfectly juſt; of that I am a living wit-"neſs."

L. W. I was telling this young lady, that the beſt thing for her——

L. S. Ay ſure, it is the beſt thing for her—O it's a clear caſe—How came ſhe to doubt it?—I'm quite ſurpriſed, my dear Miſs Bryant, that you ſhould not ſee it in its proper light; the propriety of it ſtrikes me ſo forcibly, that I think it cannot be denied.

L. W. It is vain for me to argue, Emily, if you won't uſe your own reaſon.

Em.

Em. Then it will be vain for you to argue indeed, Madam.

L. W. How ſhe anſwers me! Why are young people ſo averſe to being ruled, Lady Spelman?

Em. Becauſe old people, Madam, are ſo forward to govern.

L. W. Still obſtinate! Really, girl, it is very ſtrange; but, however, I ſhall not give the point up: I've brought more difficult things to bear.

L. S. Ah, your ladyſhip's very great in theſe matters.

L. W. O dear, Ma'am, it's aſtoniſhing! Why I had laſt year eight matches upon my hands—I'm never free—I have now got two weddings in the womb, which I hope will proſper.

Em. Your ladyſhip may as well renounce

nounce all right to the diſpoſal of my hand, your endeavours will be fruitleſs.

L. W. Not ſo much ſo, child, as you think. No, no, I've ſeen much more improbable things happen.

Em. What, did your ladyſhip then ever behave with propriety in a matter of this kind?

L. W. I'll tell you, Emily, and I'll tell Lady Spelman, there are few undertakings of this nature for the public good, which I have not atchieved, let them have been ever ſo intricate, and the parties ever ſo adverſe. There was about two years ſince I married young Pembroke, the moſt elegant creature I ever ſaw, to old Miſs Bathſheba of the Minories. It is true, ſhe had a wry noſe; but what did that ſignify, ſhe had an immenſe fortune to adorn the defect; and

if ſhe had a wry noſe, ſhe had a *Jew's eye*. They married, and live very happily, I ſuppoſe. Then there was another Jew too, old Mr. Cripplegate of Crutched Friars, who turned Chriſtian, and wanted very much to marry before he died, that he might make his peace with Heaven: this was the propereſt man in the world for my young friend Miſs Clavile, who had no fortune, though ſhe had a great deal of beauty, was juſt nineteen, and was of high deſcent; but, you know, what's blood and beauty, without one circulates and t'other ſhines abroad? Well, I introduced 'em; poor Clavile was at firſt very unwilling to marry, but, however, I talked to her ſeriouſly; I ſpoke of Mr. Cripplegate's worth, mentioned the large jointure he would leave her, and though he was a little

ſtricken

ſtricken in years, very lame, tormented with a cough, and had always on his breaſt a plaiſter of Burgundy pitch, yet no one at his time of life carried a crutch more gracefully: I had, indeed, a great deal to do to prevail on her; but at laſt, by promiſes, and from menaces of the loſs of my friendſhip, I ſucceeded; the day was fixed, the ſettlements drawn, the bride went to church in tears, where juſt as they came out, the bridegroom was ſeized with an apoplexy, and ſo poor Mr. Cripplegate died at the door. There was a ſtroke of fortune! Here is a fine young creature, with a noble income, who may pick and chooſe where ſhe likes. I offered her my aſſiſtance again, but, do you know, Lady Spelman, that ſhe had the aſſurance to ſneer, and tell me "ſince ſhe went into

"the

" the city ſhe need not employ a broker.' Theſe two were, I think, the greateſt of all my proceedings.

Lady Sp. Really, madam, the world is under great obligations to you. How many families you have made happy by putting them in the right road! Do, Miſs Bryant, take my friend's advice, I'm ſure ſhe cannot err. I never knew her deviate.

Emily. Nor I, madam, from miſchief.

Lady W. Emily, Emily, you quarrel with your advantages; I am your true friend, and yet you have not the ſenſe to perceive it. I ſhould be glad to ſee you behave in ſuch a manner as may entitle you to the return of Lady Bryant's favour, and to the acquiſition of a good huſband. All our wiſhes are to make you happy. You know, Lady

Spelman, that the buſineſs of my life is to make all the world happy.

Lady Sp. Indeed it is; Lady Warynton, I wonder how you find time to do it.

Lady W. When there's an inclination, the act will follow; but in wedding, where there's a marriage, the inclination will follow.

Lady Bryant now joined the party. "I "fancy, ladies, if you came here with the "view of perſuading my unhappy daugh-"ter to do any thing for her own good, you "have met with very little ſucceſs."

Lady W. Very little indeed, Lady Bryant, but you told me what ſhe was.

Lady Sp. Yes, yes, I heard what ſhe was.

Lady W. O, no doubt, we all heard what ſhe was.

Emily.

Emily. What was I, madam?

Lady W. There! there's inſolence! there's for you! if ever I heard the like! well, if daughters give themſelves theſe airs, I don't wonder at their being confined.

Lady Sp. No, really it's very proper, for then they can't abuſe their liberty.

Emily. Pray, ladies, have I——

Lady Bry. It's falſe! I deny it—I utterly deny the charge—you are a diſgrace to your family—I hate you for your low mean arts—My dear Emily, my beloved girl, with tears I ſpeak it, I cordially deteſt you.

Lady W. God Almighty of heaven and earth! Dear Lady Bryant, why won't you be calm? In the name of—Nay now, do compoſe yourſelf—O dear, O dear—do compoſe yourſelf—do compoſe yourſelf.

Here Lady Warynton ſtamped about

the room, vehemently intreating Lady Bryant to be mild and calm.

Lady Bry. You ſee, my dear worthy friends, you ſee in what an unhappy ſituation I am placed. Loving that girl as I do from my ſoul, always thinking of her, alarmed whenever ſhe goes out leſt any thing ſhould happen to her, and keeping her here at home every day to prevent any of thoſe dangers again occurring, which my tenderneſs for her forbids me to mention—

Emily. Dangers, madam?

Lady Bry. There! you ſee how ſhe treats me! She'll break my heart; this is always the caſe; I am obliged to bear, not only her depravity, but her inſolence. O ladies, ladies, you little know what it is to be a parent.

Emily. O, my mother! how can you treat

treat me with ſuch ſeverity! How have I deſerved this continual, this cruel oppreſſion. Keep me in your houſe, confine me, uſe me as you think fit, but forbear this cruel, this unnatural perſecution which freezes my very ſoul!

Her tears prevented her further utterance, and in an agony of paſſion ſhe flew to her mother, dropt on her knees, and kiſſed her hand. Lady Bryant withdrew it with diſdain, but Emily looking her full in the face, with a countenance in which were blended anguiſh and affection, melted the heart of her mother. She took her hand, and felt her own tears, which before were fictitious, trickling from her eyes and from her heart.

The fervour of parental love was returning, when Mrs. Lewſton entered with a letter for Lady Bryant. The letter was

opened, and Lady B. found it was from Lord Spelman. It was a promiſe to dine with them the next day, with Dr. Ganden, who had formerly been his tutor, agreeable to an invitation of Sir Edward; and after expreſſing very highly the pleaſure he always took in waiting upon Lady B. mentioned the happineſs he expected in ſeeing Miſs Bryant, a felicity which had been long promiſed, and which he waited for with the moſt ſanguine hope. He dwelt with particular earneſtneſs upon the report he had heard of Miſs Bryant's beauty and elegance, and wondered that, as he had ſometimes met Lady B. he had never ſeen her daughter. He concluded by hoping, that the next day he ſhould find one more attraction added to the pleaſures of Sir Edward's company.

At the peruſal of this letter all Lady

Bryant's rage and indignation were again excited. She repulſed Emily with a haughty frown, and riſing up haſtily, "It is more "than I can bear," ſaid ſhe, "I am always "to have ſome clog upon my life: Emily, "you are a thorn in my ſide, and however "you may think to triumph, you ſhall ne-"ver ſoar above thoſe who have better "claims to diſtinction."

This ſpeech was incomprehenſible to the reſt of the company. As they knew not from whom the letter came, they could not imagine to what her alluſions referred. She ſtopped for ſome time, and, after being violently agitated, "Pray, my dear Lady Wa-"rynton, ſtep into my dreſſing room with "me, and let me ſhare my ſorrows with "ſome friend who is capable of feeling "them." "Certainly." ſaid Lady W.

"I'll come inſtantly; and as to you, Emi-
"ly, think of what I have ſaid, and I'll be
"with you again by-and-by."

When they arrived in the dreſſing room,
"Am I ſo diſagreeable in my perſon or my
"manners, Lady Warynton, that I ſhould
"be neglec—" Here ſhe prudently ſtop-
ped. "What can you mean, Lady Bryant,
"I am wholly at a loſs to imagine—but I
"ſuppoſe this girl gives you ſo much trou-
"ble and vexation; what a pity it is, for ſhe
"is old enough to know better." "Old,
"my good friend—no, indeed, ſhe is no
"more old than I am; how could you
"think ſo? No, my dear Lady Warynton,
"it is her inſolent pretenſions hurt me.
"She is vain, ſhe is conceited; I ſee it in
"every feature, and I trace it in every ac-
"tion! Yet ſhe is not ſprightly, my dear
"friend;

"friend; no, I have better ſpirits than ſhe
"has: how is it then that ſhe riſes ſo much
"in her own eſteem? But tell me, what
"ſhall I do to-morrow? Lord Spelman is
"to come, and he ſeems partial to her be-
"fore he ſees her; but I believe I ſhall
"hardly let her come down. She is not
"very well, you know, juſt at this time,
"and I'm ſure deſerves puniſhment for her
"behaviour of to-day; what an unhappy
"woman I am!"

A gentle tap at the door announced Emily and Lady Spelman; the former ran to her mother. "Dear madam, have I of-
"fended you? Be my mother, and if I have,
"tell me my faults; indeed I will correct
"them; there is nothing I will omit to
"regain your favour." Lady Bryant co-loured with vexation to obſerve the grace-

ful

ful attitude and melodious articulation of her daughter: "You may return to your "chamber, Emily, and when I ſee you "inclined to merit my regard, I'll let you "know how to ſecure it."

Lady W. You'll recollect, child, and take my word another time. Come, don't pout, for it does not become you. And hark ye, you may curb the licenſe of your tongue a little, for I am ſure it's too quick as it is.

Lady Sp. Yes, Miſs Bryant, I aſſure you I never heard any thing equal to your pertneſs.

Lady B. Nor I, except her vanity and ſelf-conceit.

Lady W. I ſhould go diſtracted if I had ſuch a froward one.

Lady Sp. And then her obſtinacy.

Lady

Lady B. And her pride.

Lady W. And her malice.

Lady B. And her art.

Lady Sp. And her ſelf-ſufficiency.

In ſuch a torrent of invective and abuſe did theſe women traduce the character of Emily; and Lady Bryant ſtimulated them, with a malignity that revived the ſtory of Agave and the other ladies who aſſiſted at the divulſion of Pentheus.

The priſoner at the bar regarded her mother with anguiſh and humility, but frequently caſt at the two women looks of the moſt pointed diſdain. After ſome additional accuſations, Emily's patience was totally exhauſted, and ſhe haſtily withdrew.

She had that morning received from Mrs. Albin an invitation to ſup with her; but

but as the family were to remain at home, ſhe diſpatched Mrs. Lewſton with a negative meſſage.

The next day a large company dined at Sir Edward's, when Emily was not admitted to their preſence, as the gueſts were numerous. Lady Bryant, with a policy not to be expected from *her*, whiſpered Lady Warynton, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the whole company, "I am "quite ſhocked at the froward diſpoſition "of Emily; her refuſal to appear at my "table, when it is graced by ſo friendly a "party, has diſtreſſed me unſpeakably; we "muſt contrive ſome apology, my dear "Lady Warynton; do pray undertake it "for me; you know my ſpirits are bad." This *parental* ſpeech had the intended effect.

fect. Every body ſuppoſed that it was the whim of Emily not to appear, and imagined that ſhe was bred up in the full indulgence of her own idle caprices:

Voilà jouer d'addreſſe et médire avec art,
Et c'eſt avec reſpect enfoncer le poignard.

BOILEAU, *Satire à ſon Eſprit.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

So a wild Tartar, when he ſpies
A man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His wit, his beauty, or his ſpirit.
HUDIBRAS, part i. c. 2.

THERE was a ſtupid indifference, and a criminal aſſent to family deſpotiſm, in the careleſſneſs ſhewn by Sir Edward Bryant towards his daughter. He attended, indeed, to little but his amuſements; to the gratifications of a gay libertine; luxurious during the ſeaſon of youthful profligacy, and ſtill continually indulging in the varieties of diſſolute paſtime.

Lord Warynton, Lord Spelman, and his party, paſſed a day in the enſuing week at Sir Edward Bryant's; where, by much entreaty,

entreaty, and by the unexpected and capricious interference of Sir Edward, Emily was ſuffered to appear. Among theſe a new character afforded her ſome amuſement. Dr. Ganden was an high prieſt; he was a good ſcholar, but his *rudeneſs and ſwilled inſolence*, to uſe an expreſſion of Milton, were at all times offenſive. His functions were for ſome time limited to a ſmall living: at laſt he roſe to a deſirable ſtation; his duty was ſmall, and his diligence leſs. His powers of *deglutition* were prodigious, and his ſervility in enduring the haughtineſs of people in high rank aſtoniſhing; it was therefore ſaid that "he ſwallowed every "thing from the great."

Dr. Ganden at dinner ſat near young Evelyne, who, as uſual, was introduced there by the kindneſs of Lord Warynton.

The

The doctor talked immoderately, and attended as little to others as they to him: his ſonorous vehemence, indeed, enforced occaſional obſervation; but his treatment of Evelyne, whom he found mild and gentle, was remarkably brutal. Evelyne entreated the doctor to help him to ſome French plumbs; no anſwer was returned: the doctor ſtared at him, then turned to ſomebody elſe, and began a freſh diſcourſe. Evelyne coloured; he felt the inſult, and ſtill more poignantly he felt the pity of the ſpectators. Lady Spelman, who ſat next him, with true politeneſs relieved him from his confuſion. The doctor was nettled at ſuch an inſtance of reſpect: he ſaw them afterwards converſing together, and he often ſtudiouſly interrupted them. Lady Spelman had, however, ſtill ſo much real

urbanity,

urbanity, that ſhe would not ſuffer Evelyne to remain ſilent.

The diſcourſe was continued; they grew very jocund, and laughed heartily. At length the doctor ſpoke with a loud voice: "Really, my lady, your mirth is pretty ve- "hement; it ſhakes the whole table. I "know not whether your vivacity does "moſt honour to your wit or your bene- "volence. I dare ſay your *young* friend "*may have heard* of the hoſpitable re- "ception Dido gave Æneas, when the "unfortunate fellow, poor and deſtitute, "was glad to take refuge at any body's "table. Virgil, I remember, mentions it "in his very firſt book."

"He does ſo, Sir," replied Evelyne; "and you may alſo recollect that, in his "third book, he finely deſcribes thoſe in-

" tolerable peſts, the Harpies, who poiſoned
" and diſturbed every table they ap-
" proached, by their ravenous gluttony,
" and diſſonant clamour:

" Diripiuntque dapes contactuque omnia fœdant
" Immundo, tum vox tetrum dira inter odorem.

" I give you the original lines, for per-
" haps, doctor, you would not be *very much*
" improved by a *tranſlation.*"

All preſent were delighted with this ſpi-rited reply. Dr. Ganden was ſeverely humbled, and hardly ſpoke afterwards.

With Dr. Ganden came his nephew, a Mr. Ganden, who had riſen to an eligible poſt in the church: he was eminent for ſlily fawning upon the rich and noble; like Pope's holy one, " he never men-
" tioned hell to ears polite."

Far from diſplaying the repulſive and overbearing

overbearing arrogance of his uncle, he was ever meek and ſleek. He thence derived many douceurs from his more powerful friends. Temple always called him the *Arch-deacon.*

Theſe two gentlemen were on this day introduced to Sir Edward Bryant's table by Lord Spelman, over whoſe education the doctor had for a ſhort time formerly preſided. I have before ſaid, that Dr. Ganden was a *good ſcholar*; by which I mean to diſtinguiſh him from a *learned man.* A good ſcholar is one who, by dull diligence, and mechanical perſeverance, acquires an immenſe portion of ſcholaſtic knowledge, without poſſeſſing any power to organize ſuch a uſeleſs maſs. Of ſuch pedants it has been ſaid:

" Dieu me garde d'etre ſcavant
" D'une ſcience ſi profonde;
" Les plus doctes, le plus ſouvent,
" Sont les plus ſottes gens du monde."

The *learned man* is he who, to his natural genius, adds the neceſſary helps of ſtudy, but who principally derives his ſupplies from his own natural poſſeſſions; he never, like the mere ſcholar, miſtakes the implements for the end, but ſeldom inſtructs himſelf without inſtructing others.

Dr. Ganden, however, was only *ſteeped in Greek and Latin*; of modern literature he knew nothing: his memory was great, his judgment ſhallow, his deciſions poſitive; and he often expoſed his ignorance of common books, and contemporary events. In a literary converſation between Evelyne and

ſome others, where the doctor obtruded himſelf, the converſation turned upon *Las Patranas* of *Timoneda*, a book which is well known among the ſtudents in Spaniſh literature; "I ſuppoſe," ſaid the doctor, "the "book may be well enough; but I do not "read Dutch."

As Lady Bryant, "*with whiſp'ring, and* "*moſt guilty diligence*," repeated many hints to Emily's diſadvantage, many cenſures, and many inſults, the effect it had upon the company was inſtantly perceived by Dr. Ganden: he therefore introduced himſelf to their more intimate knowledge, by aggrandizing the power of parents, exclaiming violently againſt the diſobedience of obſtinate children, and embelliſhing his diſcourſe by many alluſions to the merit of Lady Bryant. Unfortunately, he concluded

his homily by obſerving, how happy the man muſt be in a wife, who married a daughter of Lady Bryant. The danger of this remark terrified Lady Bryant; ſhe could not be particular in a large company, nor could ſhe let ſuch a hint paſs without being *rectified*. She looked to Lady Warynton, intending ſhe ſhould adminiſter *a counterpoiſon*. "Ay, very true, very true!" ſaid Lady Warynton; "I proteſt you are right, "doctor, very right indeed: I really think "ſuch a union muſt be very deſirable; and "it will give me much pleaſure to ſee any "thing of that kind brought to bear." The ſtupidity of Lady Warynton irritated Lady Bryant, who, finding that nothing was to be done as ſhe wiſhed it, changed the diſcourſe, to the great comfort of Miſs Bryant.

Lord Spelman paid the greateſt attention to Emily, notwithſtanding the endeavours of Lady Bryant (who had placed him next herſelf during dinner) to prevent it. Through the evening, he eluded her invitation, and ſat next Emily; in whom he ſoon diſcovered *les manieres* of the great world, blended with much elegant information. Lady Bryant ſoon deſtroyed the converſation, by ſending Emily from the room, upon ſome frivolous commiſſion. She returned; and when ſeated, Lord Spelman renewed his civilities. Lady Bryant inſtantly took the alarm, and once more diſpatched Emily upon a new embaſſy. She re-aſſumed her place when ſhe entered the room, and Lord Spelman again attended her. Lady Bryant called her finally away,

and continued to engage Lord Spelman herſelf during the whole evening.

In the courſe of the evening, Lady Warynton mentioned to Lady Bryant, that Dr. Ganden was on Sunday to preach at their church: ſhe intreated her to go, and ſaid ſhe would accompany them; ſhe did not doubt but, if they took Emily, her good friend the doctor would mention, in his diſcourſe, the duty of children to parents. The doctor received the hint as a compliment, and promiſed to preach a ſermon ſuitable to the occaſion. How far, and how judiciouſly he performed his promiſe, I leave the reader to diſcover, when he is informed that his text was as follows: "*the evening* "*and the morning were the fourth day.*" After which text, he preached a ſermon upon the miracle of "*cleanſing the lepers.*"

A ludicrous

A ludicrous converſation paſſed while the company were at tea. Mr. Temple called, in his way to the Opera, juſt as they ſpoke of the next day's intended appointment at church. "Indeed," ſaid Lady Warynton, "I ſhould much more frequently attend church, but the people cough ſo intolerably, that one can hear nothing of "what's going on."

Mr. T. I aſſure you, madam, if you want to hear an elegant cough, you ſhould go to * * church. They cough more in time there than at any other place of worſhip, for they never exhibit but during the actual performance of the ſervice. When the preacher aſcends the pulpit, the church reſolves itſelf into a coughing committee, and they always put Serjeant Wheeze in the chair. Some time ago, the

widow

widow Lozenge coughed for forty minutes; and if ſhe had not been relieved by Polly Pant the ſinger, and Dr. Lacklungs, the junto would have been diſſolved.

Lady B. Well, I really thought that, for coughing, *our* church was the moſt famous.

Mr. T. O no, madam, they have not a good band; and beſides, Doctor Snore leads there, and, inſtead of minding his coughs, he is always aſleep: the good gentleman made a little miſtake, I hear, laſt Sunday; for, in the middle of the ſermon, he ſtarted out of his nap, and hallooed, "Waiter, bring me ſome more punch—"half and half!"

Dr. Ganden knew Temple too well to cenſure his pleaſantry. The viſit of the latter was very ſhort. To him the young clergyman,

clergyman, Dr. Ganden's nephew, mentioned that he had put down his own name to a ſubſcription-dance in the neighbourhood; Temple told him, that he had heard of his being choſen *chaplain to the ball.* He ſoon after withdrew. The ſneer was hardly felt; young Ganden knew that he could not diſparage his ſkill in the dance; he knew his own happineſs, in having a genteel form, and an agreeable deportment, which was what he moſt valued: he perhaps reaſoned like Dogberry, in Much Ado about Nothing; "To be a well-fa-"voured man, is the gift of fortune; but to "read and write, comes by nature."

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

'Tis our own wiſdom moulds our ſtate;
Our faults and virtues make our fate.

COWLEY.

THE mind of Emily was violently agitated by her late interview with Lady Bryant, by the manner and the conſequences of her being frequently prevented from appearing at table; but moſt of all, by a letter ſhe two days after received, from Mrs. Albin, with another incloſed, written in Bruce's hand. The purport of the firſt was repeated aſſurances of her regard to Emily, ſtrong recommendations of the ſtep propoſed by Bruce, and many panegyrics on him as a friend, a lover, and a hero. Bruce's letter informed her, that he

was

was now at Mr. Albin's ſeat, in Norfolk; that his two worthy and ever to be reſpected hoſts, had afforded him ſuch an hoſpitable reception, and had invented ſuch various and ſucceſsful modes of amuſement, in their own abſence, to make his time paſs agreeably while diſtant from his miſtreſs and his friends, that his whole life could never repay: they had now, indeed, crowned their benefits by an offer ſo noble and ſo generous, that it could hardly be excelled, and highly as he had before eſtimated their munificence, it ſurpaſſed his moſt romantic expectation. Did Emily love him? It was a queſtion he was afraid to aſk, becauſe, if ſhe did not, it was an abſurdity; if ſhe did, it was an inſult. The proof of her affection ſhe could now give him, and he would not aſk any thing inconſiſtent with her

her virtues, though her malicious friends might deem it impropriety. For his own part, he had no ideas but of her; his friends, his welfare, his happineſs, all ſunk before the conſideration of his miſtreſs. Splendour and rank, pleaſure and independence, were the great enemies of real love:

" The jealous god, when we prophane his fires,
" Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires;
" And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
" Who ſeek, in love, for aught but love alone."

He then proceeded to ſtate the unhappy ſituation ſhe was in with reſpect to her own family. The impertinence of ſome acquaintances, and the unfeeling tyranny of her mother. After ſuch a neceſſary preface, he again aſſured her that he would devote his life to her ſervice, and to her will, if ſhe would inſtantly put herſelf privately under the

the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Albin, accompany them to Y——, and beſtow on him her hand and heart, without ſuſpicion or apprehenſion.

Emily's heart beat at the propoſal; ſhe wanted to ſee her lover, and ſhe could entirely depend upon the Albins. Bruce mentioned the impoſſibility of his being ſeen in town, as it was ſuppoſed he ſtill remained at Oxford. He ſhewed the delicacy of being with Mrs. Albin, which would be a ſanction to ſo bold and ſo haſty a ſtep. Theſe arguments were very plauſible, and the idea of a deliverance from her preſent bondage very inviting. She conſulted Mrs. Lewſton, who, we may eaſily ſuppoſe, found or made arguments in favour of her flight. She wrote an anſwer, aſſenting to the ſcheme; but her heart recoiled at the indeli-

cacy

cacy of an elopement. When ſhe recollected that there was a woman who would vindicate her character to the world, a friend whoſe name and conſequence would, in every company, give weight to her aſſertions, as ſhe had torn the letter, ſhe wrote it again. Mrs. Lewſton went out of the room with it; ſhe rung the bell, and revoked the mandate: Mrs. Lewſton argued, extolled the honour and reputation of the Albins, and at length carried her point, and carried her letter. Emily promiſed to be at the Albins that evening. Mrs. Lewſton was not to go with her. Their carriage was to come to the end of the ſtreet, with Mr. and Mrs. Albin, who were to wait themſelves near Sir Edward's door till Emily came out, and then to conduct her home.

The

The reſolution of the fair captive was frequently ſhaken; but, leſt ſhe ſhould be reſcued by her own ſenſe of propriety from purſuing this raſh enterpriſe, new inſults were that day added, by the jealouſy of her mother, and the pertneſs of Lady Warynton. Their conduct would have induced a cool and impartial ſpectator to imagine that they had ſome knowledge of her deſign.

The evening arrived, and eight o'clock was the hour appointed. Sir Edward, Lady Bryant, and the reſt of that party, were gone to ſup in Portman Square. Emily put up a few of her own jewels, ſome cloaths, and other requiſites, in a ſmall trunk, which Mrs. Lewſton conveyed ſafely to Mrs. Albin, and then returned. Before her departure, Emily, with the accuſtomed enthuſiaſm of *departing* heroines, left

a letter on her father's table, which was written in theſe words:

My ever dear Father,

AS a friend, I muſt ſolicit your candour; and, as a parent, I muſt intreat your forgiveneſs. I think I am, in ſome meaſure, entitled to both, for you have hitherto, I may ſay it, not afforded me that tender protection which your child ſo much wanted. You can be no ſtranger to the cruelty of my mother, who, from what cauſe I know not, has pleaſed to become my bitter enemy and oppreſſor. Indeed, Sir, I never offended her; and I have ſhed as many tears on her account, as on my own. Her ill treatment of me, in confining me ſo conſtantly, and depriving me of thoſe pleaſures to which, by my birth and fortune, I am entitled,

titled, is too intolerable to bear. I have therefore determined to fly for refuge to ſome reſpectable friends, whoſe generous beneficence will aſſiſt me in this hour of diſtreſs. I muſt further remark, that if I commit any imprudent action, no one can blame me. I am driven, by the ingenuity of barbarous oppreſſion, from that houſe where I ought to have found every pleaſure, and every comfort befitting my age and my ſex. I can hardly aſk any pardon but your's, for I cannot think that my mother will be ſorry for what I have done. A girl of my age and diſpoſition can never have deſerved ſuch injuries as I have received. For the laſt two years I have led *a ſtupid lethargy of life*, deprived of domeſtic happineſs, and rational amuſement.

Where I am gone, it will be uſeleſs to

inquire; and, I think, for the ſake of the family, it will be as well to let the circumſtance be concealed. If my mother ſhould feel any thing like remorſe, tell her that, to the end of my life, I will do every thing to ſerve her; that I freely forgive her the ſufferings ſhe has made me undergo; but that I never will ſubject myſelf again to a tyranny which no liberal mind can endure. I wiſh you, my dear father and friend, more happineſs than I have been able to contribute, or to enjoy; and I fervently implore you to forget that there ſtill exiſts ſo unhappy a girl as

Your affectionate daughter,

EMILY BRYANT.

She wrote this letter with many tears, and often took a review of her own ſituation,

tion, to look for ſome more powerful motives than thoſe of *prudence* to deter her from the enſuing temerity. No ſource of conſolation was to be found. She might live in this ſtate of abject dependence and dejection, till ſhe was of age. Her mother's death would perhaps releaſe her, and ſhe would then emerge from her priſon, and ſtep into the world totally ignorant of the manners, faſhions, and inhabitants. Bruce being abſent from her ſo long, might grow cool, and forget her. The only proſpect of being emancipated was, by a marriage with Lord Spelman, whom ſhe hardly knew; a match not even of convenience, much leſs of love. Her utmoſt expectation therefore, from that propoſal, was a languid life of ſullen diſſipation. Lord Spelman was acquainted with Lady Wa-

rynton, and ſhe would be ſtill liable to her impertinence. Bruce certainly loved her; his behaviour, his quitting Oxford and Lady Hyndley, his letters, all convinced her, that their hearts were united by the moſt coercive ties of love and honour.

Such a man could not betray her; if he ſhould, ſhe might ſecurely reſt on the worthy pair who conducted her to her lover. The zeal of Mr. Albin, and the ſofter virtues of his wife, were pledges too valuable to be depreciated. She had received ſuch provocations that many females would not have ſuffered; and the world, though it might condemn her raſh elopement, would never mitigate her preſent afflictions.

During this reverie, Mrs. Lewſton entered with a packet of Bruce's and Albin's letters, which Emily carefully ſealed up to

carry

carry with her. They ſpoke long upon the important event which was in agitation. Mrs. Lewſton told her finally, that ſhe muſt reſolve, for that Sir Edward and Lady Bryant were to go next day to Lord Warynton's. Mountbridge was about twenty-five miles diſtant: Emily was to accompany them, and was there again to ſee Lord Spelman.

This information convinced Emily that there was now no time to be loſt. At ten o'clock in the evening, therefore, ſhe bade adieu to her father's houſe; and, attended by Mrs. Lewſton, who only conveyed her to Mr. and Mrs. Albin, ſhe ſet off for Y. in Norfolk.

When Mr. Albin ſaw her, he caught her in his arms; "My charming girl! have I "the happineſs to poſſeſs you? We will

" immediately leave this horrid town, and " dedicate the time at Y. to love and plea- " ſure. Your Bruce will be impatient to " receive us; and Mrs. Albin, as well as " myſelf, is delighted to contribute to your " mutual felicity." The journey was very rapidly performed; and Mrs. Albin enlivened the converſation by many ſprightly ſallies, for ſhe had an agreeable turn of pleaſantry, and knew how to ſuit herſelf to every diſpoſition.

They at length arrived at Y. The houſe was not very large, but elegantly furniſhed. Mrs. Albin conducted Emily to a handſome apartment; ſtayed with her while ſhe undreſſed; rung the bell for a female ſervant, whom ſhe preſented to Emily, having told her it was her appointment to wait on Miſs *Irwin*, the name ſhe had given

given Emily to conceal her from being diſcovered. In anſwer to the natural inquiries which Miſs Bryant made for Bruce, ſhe was told, that as he reſided a few miles diſtant, he could not be ſent to immediately; but that ſhe might depend upon ſeeing him very ſoon. She went to bed; and when ſhe roſe next day, was carried over the houſe and grounds. Three days paſſed in a variety of amuſements; during which time, as Bruce never appeared, Emily renewed her inquiries, which were always waved by various pretences.

On the fourth day, to Emily's great ſurpriſe, Mrs. Albin told her, that ſhe ſhould take her leave of her for a ſhort time; that ſhe had an unavoidable engagement in town, which ſhe was immediately to fulfil, but that ſhe would return to Y. in a

day

day or two, and renew the unſpeakable pleaſure which ſhe found in Miſs Bryant's ſociety. Mr. Albin would remain to protect her; and would endeavour to make the time paſs agreeably. Emily felt very much chagrined at this circumſtance: to part with a friend on whom ſhe relied in her very critical ſituation, to have no female near her whom ſhe knew, to be left alone with the maſter of the houſe, immediately after ſhe had (*perhaps unpardonably*) quitted her own family, occaſioned her many ſevere reflections on what ſhe had done. She took leave of Mrs. Albin, earneſtly intreating her to return with a friendly haſte; or, if ſhe poſſibly could, to defer the appointment. Mrs. Albin ſmiled, promiſed, and departed. Mr. Albin and Emily returned to dinner. His attention to her, during the repaſt,

repaſt, was even more than he had yet ſhewn. When the ſervants retired, he talked of Bruce, that the mention of her lover might come from himſelf. "You "are, I doubt not, my dear Miſs Bryant, "very anxious to hear and to ſee your ad- "mirer; and you muſt wonder that he has "let three days paſs without once paying "you his perſonal reſpects. I will be free "and ingenuous with you; and if I adviſe "you as a friend, I am ſure your good "ſenſe and good humour will prevent you "from being offended with me. Young "men of the preſent age, madam, are not "very famous for the conſtancy of their "attachments; and if they were, you "ſhould not ſuffer yourſelf to be too eaſily "gained. I would by all means wiſh you "to marry Mr. Bruce; he is a fine young

"fellow;

" fellow; and has accompliſhments which
" will do honour to any woman who ſhall
" call him huſband: but he has not that ar-
" dour, that conſtancy, that enthuſiaſm,
" which ſome men feel, in ſpite of them-
" ſelves, and their particular ſituations."
Here he looked tenderly at Miſs Bryant;
but as he did not read his own meaning in
her eyes, he proceeded. " A real friend,
" Miſs Bryant, whoſe heart is attached to
" the mind, as well as the perſon of a wo-
" man, is ſurely more valuable than an airy
" lover, who is charmed only with thoſe
" graces which are acquired rather by cuſ-
" tom than by ſkill. I am alſo of opi-
" nion, that you ſhould be very careful be-
" fore you marry this young man, that
" there is no other who may take advan-
" tage of Bruce's future negligence; may

" plead

" plead *his* paſſion for you with ſo artful,
" with ſo unexpected, and ſo uncommon
" an earneſtneſs, that you may be inclined
" to forfeit your ſecurity to your love of
" pleaſure, and love of revenge. Who can
" anſwer for themſelves? Two months
" ſince I thought I could; but the une-
" qualled influence of a new friend has
" taught me otherwiſe. I ſuppoſe, madam,
" I muſt and will ſuppoſe, that you can love
" no other man but Bruce. He was your
" firſt favourite; and, as you doubtleſs ima-
" gine, has merited your partiality, by the
" moſt invariable and conſtant attachment.
" I wiſh I did not know to the contrary;
" not that I mean to ſpeak diſreſpectfully of
" *your* lover. I deſire only to act the part
" of a friend, in whom I hope you think
" you may confide."

Em.

Em. Surely, Sir, I have given ſuch proofs of my reliance on your probity and beneficence, that you can no more doubt of my eſteem for you, than I can ſuſpect your want of intrinſic fidelity to my intereſts.

Alb. *Your* intereſts are neareſt my heart, Miſs Bryant—I am almoſt afraid to ſay how near, for you will think me guilty of affectation, or overſtrained generoſity, if I declare my ſolicitude to make you happy. But this Bruce is, I fear, not a proper object for your attention. Has he deſerved it by any exertions in your favour? has he ever ſaved you from the dangers of the world; from the tyranny of your family? or has he in any other way conduced to your welfare? Indeed, madam, ſuch beauty ſhould not be beſtowed upon a mind lightly amorous; for a heart like your's would, I

am ſure, be ready to return the ſlighteſt ſervices with the moſt cordial, yet delicate gratitude.

Em. I am ſo ſenſible, Sir, of your bounty—

Alb. Talk not of bounty, madam, but of love; for which you was formed. How happy would that man be who was the object of your tenderneſs! His would be that ſituation which ſo rarely happens, of a man who had not married *too ſoon*; a ſituation too dreadful to be contemplated.

Albin here ſighed bitterly; and looked at Emily with an earneſtneſs which ſurpriſed her. After a diſagreeable ſilence, ſhe ſaid—

Em. I hope, Sir, you, and our friend Mrs. Albin—

Alb. She is a charming woman, and merits my praiſes; but people may be unhappy

happy with almoſt all they wiſh, if there is one object unpoſſeſſed. Do you eſteem Mrs. Albin?

Em. Dear Sir, what a queſtion! Is ſhe not my protectreſs? Will ſhe not be the friend of my heart? Indeed, Sir, I love her with the moſt lively gratitude; and ſhall ever be warmly attached to her principles, her diſpoſition, and perhaps even to her errors, if ſhe has them.

Alb. Then, Madam, *I* may hope to have ſome place in your good opinion.

Em. Surely, Sir. My preſent ſtate of mind hardly allows me to expreſs myſelf ſo cordially as I ought; but be aſſured, that as no one can confer favours ſo nobly as Mr. Albin, ſo no one can equally excite gratitude and admiration.

Alb. You honour me by your eſteem—

Dear

Dear Miſs Bryant, is Bruce ſo valuable to you, that proofs of his ill conduct would not eradicate the remembrance of his love? There are men who admire, who adore, even to the phrenzy of love, but muſt not breathe their vows; then is the glorious opportunity for minds like your's to ſtoop with generous kindneſs to their prayers; to read in their eyes what they dare not explain; and to tranſlate for them who dare not tranſlate for themſelves.

Em. What can you mean, Sir? That I love Bruce, would be ſuperfluous to acknowledge; why elſe have I fled from my family, and taken refuge with you? But why ſhould you think ſo unfavourably of him? In pity, tell me if you know that he is culpable; or if theſe are only your fears for my ſafety and honour. Surely, Bruce

could never be unfaithful! Dear Sir, you judge too ſeverely of him; indeed you do. His gaiety has been well known; but he is young; and all his acquaintance admire his accompliſhments and honour his virtues. Some ſly, ſome malicious enemy, has prejudiced you againſt him; and you have unkindly liſtened to the artful tale without affording him an opportunity to defend himſelf. He would not have ſo treated Mr. Albin.

Alb. My dear madam, you are offended with me. My zeal for your intereſts has occaſioned your diſpleaſure. Forgive me, and I will ſpeak of it no further. I ſee yo love Bruce too well to allow even truth ſhould have any weight to his diſcredit. I was ſimple enough to ſuppoſe that the good offices of a ſincere friend would have ex-

cuſed the harſhneſs of my opinions; but I aſſure you the reſpect I entertain for you, will induce me, for the future, to conſult nothing but your pleaſure.

Em. Can you wonder, Sir, at my warmth in favour of the man whoſe virtues or frailties are to conſtitute the entire happineſs or miſery of my future life?

Alb. By no means. But let us diſmiſs the ſubject: I will have the honour of ſeeing you at tea; and in the courſe of the evening I hope to convince you, that one ardent lover may, without impropriety, ſucceed one leſs faithful.

CHAP. XIII.

C'eſt le heros de notre ſiecle pour les exploits dont il s'agit : un homme qui vingt fois en ſa vie, pour ſervir ſes amis, a genereuſement affronté les galeres, qui, au péril de ſes bras & de ſes epaules, ſait mettre noblement a fin les aventures les plus difficiles & qui, tel que vous le voyez, eſt exilé de ſon pays pour je ne ſais combien d'actions honorables qu'il a généreuſement entrepriſes.

MOLIERE. *M. de Pourceaugnac. A.* 1. *Sc.* 4.

EMILY remained ſtill unſuſpecting, and roſe from table meditating on Bruce's levity, and trying to develope ſome ambiguities in Mr. Albin's ſpeeches. She intreated him to let her retire to a book, and compoſe her mind, which had been lately ſo exceſſively agitated. She went to the library, and *looked over* two books. Having thrown them aſide, agreeable to the common dictates of an unſettled mind, ſhe wandered to the garden, and ſtrayed for above

above an hour, till ſhe found herſelf at a great diſtance from the houſe. She ſat down near a wood, and was loſt in thought, when the ſound of ſome voices engaged her attention. "Theſe are the grounds," ſaid one, "and yonder is the houſe; and "never was houſe inhabited by a greater "ſcoundrel. I would give a great deal to "meet him."—"Is he down now?" replied the other voice. "His wife went to "town to-day, they ſay. Come, we'll go up "to the houſe; we may ſee ſomebody there." Here they came from the wood, and preſented to Emily's view two genteel young men, who were ſtruck at the beauty, the dejection, and the ſolitude of ſuch a young woman. One of them preſently burſt into laugh, ſaying, "Faith, Leland, you may "take your revenge here, without going up

" to the houſe." Emily was alarmed at this addreſs: ſhe roſe up; " I hope, gentle-
" men, that my preſent ſituation will not
" encourage you to behave with impro-
" priety. I am protected by Mr. and Mrs.
" Albin, and rely on their integrity and re-
" putation for my ſafety and happineſs."
A vociferous roar of merriment again ter-rified Emily: one of the men took her by the hand, which ſhe immediately withdrew:
" You could hardly have ſaid more to en-
" courage the moſt unlimited freedom, than
" the account you have juſt given us of
" yourſelf. So then, you are really one of
" the *excellent* Mr. Albin's friends! Who
" would believe that ſuch a divine creature
" could be the gay companion of his lighter
" hours?—'Pon my ſoul, Leland, this is a
" freſh proof, that we muſt not truſt to ap-
" pearances."

" pearances."—" I never deſire better ap-
" pearances to truſt to," ſaid the other.
" Come, my ſweet girl, grant me one kiſs.
" I'm ſure Albin, though he is a ſcoundrel,
" can hardly be ſuch an unreaſonable mo-
" nopoliſt, as to hinder an idle fellow pick-
" ing up a little waif and ſtray on his ma-
" nor, now and then." He began now to be very rude, till a loud ſcream from Emily deterred him from farther inſult. " I perceive," ſaid ſhe, " that you are two
" of thoſe unprincipled wretches, who
" know not how to diſtinguiſh groſs and
" vile licentiouſneſs, from that reſpectful
" gallantry which is due to every woman
" above the rank of your abandoned aſſo-
" ciates in pleaſure. If you knew me, you
" would not dare to encroach upon my
" character and my ſituation!"—" Really,

" madam!" ſaid Leland with a ſneer, " this " is a ſpecies of affectation ſo ridiculous, " that I can hardly think you in earneſt. " If you are a friend of Albin's, which " you ſeem to boaſt, you can be no ſtran- " ger to the ſcoundrel's way of life; and " your intimacy with him may juſtly au- " thoriſe every freedom in us." Emily turned pale at his ſpeech; " For heaven's " ſake, Sir, are you a gentleman, and do " you really ſpeak truth? It is impoſſible; " the generoſity of both Mr. and Mrs. Al- " bin, the benevolence they have ſhewn " me, the aſſiſtance and the protection " which they have extended to me, ſuffi- " ciently prove their uncommon goodneſs: " I cannot think well of your ſpeaking ſo " ſeverely of them; and, as they are my " friends, I muſt hear no more." The other

other now addreſſed her: "Have you "been long here, madam?"—"Have you "any right, Sir, to queſtion me?"—"The "truth is, madam, that I fear, from your "innocent appearance, and your attach- "ment to this Albin, that you are one of "thoſe many unfortunate creatures whom "he has made victims to his ſenſuality. "His character is ſo generally known, that "I cannot injure him by any accuſation; "and I confeſs, that the finding you in his "domains, and profeſſing ſo warm a re- "gard for him, gives me a very low opi- "nion of your character. We are both "of us neighbours of a wretch whom the "whole country deteſts, except ſome few "who ſell their intimacy to the beſt bid- "der: and, ſo far from being the perſecu- "tors of the female ſex, we are ready to

"undertake

" undertake any enterpriſe in their behalf.
" With reſpect to yourſelf; your beauty,
" your youth, and your unſuſpecting ſim-
" plicity, give us every reaſon to believe
" that your fate is to become the miſtreſs,
" or rather the ſlave, of his pleaſures. If
" you doubt our ſincerity, we will imme-
" diately take our leave." They both now remained in a reſpectful ſilence; but Emily, overcome with horror and aſtoniſhment, ſunk upon the ground without ſenſe or motion. They lifted her up, and in a ſhort time ſhe recovered. Recollecting herſelf, ſhe burſt into the moſt violent exclamations of grief. They led her to a ſeat; and, entreating her to compoſe herſelf, requeſted an account of her intimacy with Albin; which ſhe related with ſome heſitation, but concealing her name. She concluded her narrative

rative with imploring them, if they had any generoſity, to aſſiſt her in eſcaping from her preſent ſituation, and to introduce her to ſome female friend, whoſe known reputation would preſerve her from the cenſures of the world. They returned her confidence, by telling who they were. Captain Stawley, and Mr. Leland, were the knights *errant* who had met this unfortunate damſel by the ſide of a wood. Leland had been formerly left under the guardianſhip of Albin, by whom he had been defrauded of immenſe ſums. His uncle lived in the adjacent county; was a man of large fortune, whom I ſhall mention under the name of Mr. Oſwarne. Captain Stawley was a friend, who accompanied him to look at the ſpacious territory which Albin had incloſed, and laid out with a magnificence befitting a monarch.

monarch. Leland gave her a long detail of Albin's various and complicated villainies; and he enlarged with ſo much earneſtneſs, and plenitude of minute deſcription, that the night drew on. Emily was now terrified at her own deviation from propriety and delicacy. The contemplation of her former ſafety recoiled upon her mind ſo forcibly, that it almoſt overcame her: ſtunned at the account of her perfidious betrayers, and ſeeing none near her but utter ſtrangers, who might be as worthleſs and as abandoned as the Albins, with as ſmooth tongues, and as inſidious wiles, ſhe knew not on what to determine. Emily had a great ſpirit, with a high ſenſe of decorum; but ſhe had ſwerved from the latter ſo unpardonably, that ſhe ſunk even in her own eſteem. If ſhe returned to the houſe,

inſtant

inſtant ruin muſt be the conſequence; if ſhe entruſted herſelf to the care of theſe two wild and caſual acquaintance, her lover, her friends, her family, and the whole world, would be juſtified in deſerting her as one abandoned to every ſpecies of impropriety and freedom. She mentioned this to her new acquaintance: they declared themſelves of her opinion; but told her, ſince ſhe had ſo due a ſenſe of what became her, they would prevail upon a female friend or two to accompany them from their own houſe. "I have already," ſaid Emily, "placed ſuch a credulous dependence on "one female friend, that I can have little "hopes from another. She who does *not* "know me, can hardly be ſo much inte-"reſted in my welfare as another who "does; and I have, indeed, been ſo duped,

" that I tremble at the idea of freſh re-
" liance."

They aſſured her again of their determined fidelity; and as it began now to be near dark, it was neceſſary to come to ſome determination. Emily ſtill doubted, when the ſound of a perſon holloaing, rouſed her from her dubious arguments. " Miſs Irwin!" was repeated ſeveral times, in a voice which Emily knew to be Mr. Albin's, who " *echo'd her name to the* " *reverberate hills*" in a tone of exceſſive agitation. No one dared to ſpeak, but they preſſed Miſs Bryant's hands very frequently; and at laſt intreated her, in a low whiſper, to accompany them. She made them no reply. The ſound was ſoftened, and at laſt paſſed by them. They diſcovered ſome lights at a diſtance; and Emily,

whoſe

whoſe ſtate of mind was now truly wretched, was again urged by her champions to rely upon their honour and courage. A ſhort converſation took place, when a man, darting from behind a buſh, ſeized on Captain Stawley's hand; "Ma'am, is this "you?"—"If you value your life," ſaid the captain, "be ſilent." Emily was ſinking with terror. It was one of the ſervants, who had been ſent in ſearch of her. During the recent circumſtances of the laſt half hour, the moon, which had been before very much obſcured, beamed forth in her full luſtre, ſo that they could very clearly diſtinguiſh each other. When Leland perceived the man, he drew a pair of piſtols, which he fortunately had about him, joined the whiſpering menaces of Stawley, and terrified the man into dumb ſubmiſſion.

They

They now queſtioned him who he was, and what he wanted? "I came to look for "Miſs Irwin, and was ſent by my maſter, "Mr. Albin. Pray, gentlemen, don't "hurt me. I'm glad I've found her; I'm "ſure you'll ſee her ſafe to the houſe. Mr. "Albin is gone all round the grounds to ſee "for her: I dare not go back without her."

"Pray, honeſt friend," ſaid Leland, "do "you think you can, for once in your life, "ſpeak the truth? If you will, here's a "purſe for you; if not"—"So, ſo! are you "there?" ſaid another fellow, who came panting acroſs a lawn. "Bleſs my ſoul, "ma'am, I'm glad we've found you!" As he came up, Leland took hold of him, and enjoined immediate ſilence. "Lord bleſs "me! Mr. Leland, is it your honour?"— "Ah, Godfrey! what, do you live at Al-

"bin's?

" bin's? Faith, I'm glad of it; we ſhall get " ſome intelligence from you, that may be " of uſe to us."

" Dear Sir, what d'ye mean? I hope " you will not think the worſe of me for " being with ſuch a maſter. Indeed, Sir, " he gives great wages, and pays very " exactly. But, dear me! I'm ſo glad to " find the young lady, for ſhe is the great- " eſt favourite my maſter has had yet." " *Favourite!*" ſaid Emily, ſhuddering. " What can you mean?" " Nay, Ma'am, " for matter of that, Squire Albin is very " generous to all his acquaintance. But " pray don't let us waſte any more time " here, for he is in the greateſt fright; and, " what's worſe, ſupper will be cold."

" My good friend Godfrey," ſaid Leland, " tell me, and tell me truly, what is

" your ſuppoſition of this lady, and who do " the ſervants take her to be in your " houſe?" " Lack-a-day, Sir! I've no " buſineſs with it: if maſter likes her, " and if ſo be ſhe likes him, I ſee no rea- " ſon why not. I neither meddle nor " make." " Do you imagine, then," ſaid Emily, trembling, " that I came to Mr. " Albin's for any unworthy purpoſe?—O " God! that ever I ſhould be ſo loſt to " diſcretion and judgment, as to leave my " former ſituation!" " Ah, Miſs, very " true!" ſaid Godfrey; " for I dare ſay " ſuch a fine young woman as you muſt " have had a matter of five or ten pounds " a week, beſides a benefit." " What the " devil d'ye mean?" ſaid Leland. " Are " you mad?"

Godf. O every body knows Miſs Ir-

win;

win; ſhe was famous in ſeveral parts at one of the London theatres: but, he! he! maſter likes a little theatre of his own; you know, Sir, it's ſo much the faſhion now.

Captain St. Why, here muſt be ſome ſtrange miſunderſtanding.—I fancy, madam, we were right at firſt. Come, come, you have carried it on very ſucceſsfully; and really ſeem a miſtreſs in your profeſſion.

Godf. Come, dear Sir, let us go; don't make maſter wait, for he wants the lady.

Lel. Who told you, Godfrey, that Miſs Irwin was a player?

Godf. Squire Albin, Sir. Why, Lord bleſs you! he took her off the ſtage for the purpoſe of bringing her to our houſe; and ſays he's very fond of her, and he'll always be her friend. When Pigout was undreſſ-

ing him laſt night, he gave him a whole account of her.

This converſation was much lengthened, but did not make it abſolutely neceſſary for Emily to reveal the name of her family to the two gentlemen. A light now appeared at a diſtance, and they conjured her to accompany them, aſſuring her of every protection ſhe wiſhed for. Leland made Godfrey a preſent, who promiſed to ſay that he had in vain ſearched for Miſs Irwin.

The ſervants retired, and Miſs Bryant, with great reluctance, put herſelf under the care of the two gentlemen, who endeavoured to ſoothe her ſorrow by the tendereſt effuſions of pity and beneficence.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes
(Like two great beacons) glared bright and wide,
Glauncing aſkew, as if his enemies
He ſcorned in his overweening pride;
And ſtalking ſtately, like a crane did ſtride
At every ſtep upon the tip-toes high,
And all the way he went on every ſide
He gaz'd about, and ſtarted horribly,
As if he with his looks would all men terrify.

SPENSER's *Fairie Queen*, B. VI. c. 7, v. 42.

Le ris ſur ſon viſage eſt en mauvaiſe humeur
L'agrément fuit ſes traits, ſes careſſes font peur.

BOILEAU, Sat. XI, *ſur L'Honneur*.

MR. Oſwarne was the relation of Leland. He was a man of a ſtern addreſs, haughty deportment, and untameable ferocity. Theſe he denominated the wiſdom of nature, genuine, fierce, and uncultivated; and he wiſhed them to appear the unqueſtionable proofs of ir-

reſiſtible valour. To ſuperiors and inferiors he obſerved the ſame conduct; and nothing altered his behaviour but a capricious regard for ſome acquaintance, adopted without diſcernment, and laid aſide without provocation. In every company, he *bore down* the moſt logical diſputants, by a copious torrent of clamorous declamation. He combated the bold, and deſpiſed the prudent; yet he often unkindly deſcended to inſult thoſe with whom he diſdained to contend. He knew his own powers, and his own ſtrength. To defeat a jeſt, to exaggerate an error, to inſult an inoffenſive, as well as to humble a preſumptuous companion, were the principal delights of Mr. Oſwarne. Yet could this man, implacable by nature, and arrogant by ſyſtem, yield, with obſequious ſervility, to

the charms and dictates of the ſofter ſex. At the preſence of a fine woman, he calmed, like Pindar's eagle,

" The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye."

He ſoftened the rigorous aſpect by which pleaſure and confidence had been ſo often put to flight; by which the meek had been ſcared, and the well-bred diſguſted. He diſplayed courteouſneſs with ſuch elaborate ſolicitude, that every ſpectator might have aſked,

" What are theſe wond'rous civilizing arts,
" This Roman poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,
" That render man thus tractable and tame?"

ADDISON'S CATO.

To the houſe of this man, Leland and Captain Stawley conducted their lovely charge, and reſigned her to the care of Mrs. Oſwarne; the lineaments of whoſe

character it will here be neceſſary to delineate. She was the daughter of a Mr. Malyne; and, having a large fortune, and great beauty, was married very young. She did not poſſeſs much of the *milk* of human kindneſs, but exhibited a plentiful ſhare of that *friendly gall*, with which ſhe often treated her friends, whom ſhe *wiſhed well* to, by ſerving up their faults with an unwelcome ſolicitude. Sometimes ſhe criminated them by oblique railings at a particular ſpecies of folly which ſhe knew they were moſt prone to; ſometimes by direct accuſations and long harangues; ſometimes by ridicule; ſometimes by ſeverity. No time, or event, but what ſerved her purpoſe; for, like Jaques, "ſhe ſucked me-"lancholy out of a ſong, as a weaſel ſucks "eggs." Like the fool he deſcribes,

"in

" in her brain,
" Which was as dry as the remainder biſcuit
" After a voyage, ſhe had ſtrange places cramm'd
" With obſervation, which ſhe vented
" In mangl'd forms"—

and her great wiſh was his;

" I muſt have liberty
" Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
" To blow on whom I pleaſe."

This rendered her more the *friend* than the *favourite* of her acquaintance; for it was impoſſible to appeaſe her unwearied thirſt of correction, when ſhe ſaw—or, indeed, when ſhe did *not* ſee—a frailty. Her huſband's ferocity had given a tinge of terror to the name of Oſwarne; and his wife had added a ſupplemental power of repulſe.

At the arrival of Emily, with Leland and Captain Stawley, the former announced the buſineſs privately to Mr. and Mrs. Oſwarne, before they introduced the lady.

" I have

" I have met with the oddeſt adventure, " Mr. Oſwarne—"

O. Come, ſit down, and don't tell us a long ſtory, for I'm half tired before you begin.

L. A young lady has been deluded to the houſe of that raſcal Albin; and, being a ſtranger to his character, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be delivered from the cruelty of her family, in order to fly for refuge to the arms of her lover, whom Albin pretended was his particular friend. She had the higheſt confidence in this ſcoundrel's pretended virtues, and ſhe could hardly be perſuaded that he is the villain we all know him to be.

Mrs. O. Well, but ſhe ſhould at leaſt have taken care to——

O. Do, d—n you both! finiſh your ſtory, and don't keep me liſtening all night

to

to the lies of one, and the nonſenſe of the other.—Do, Leland, be merciful, and finiſh.

L. As I ſaw the imminent danger ſhe was in, and found, by her terror and exclamations, that ſhe was not a common girl, I have perſuaded her to leave his houſe, and have brought her here, where——

O. (*Riſing up.*) The devil! ſhe is here then! What, I ſuppoſe ſhe is pretty! I'll go down and peep.

L. No, no; I'll introduce her to you. Don't ſee her before ſhe is preſented to you. Come, I'll bring her up.

O. One peep, or I die! Stand out of the way——Is ſhe young? The dear little ſoul! Well, and ſo you brought her—— Why, you young rake-hell, you don't mean to make my houſe a—But, however, I'll go and look at her, and judge for myſelf.

Mrs.

Mrs. O. Indeed, my friend Leland, you ſeem to have acted very imprudently here. Would any body bring a ſtranger to one's houſe, without knowing who ſhe is, or conſidering the diſagreeable conſequences of involving one in a diſpute with Mr. Albin, or her own friends?

L. Dear madam, hear her ſtory, and ſee her. She is an angel in perſon, and in manners. She is very young; and if you knew the circumſtances of her elopement, and the reaſons for it, you would not judge hardly of her.

Mrs. O. Truly, I do not ſee how you can judge otherwiſe. But pray, Leland, how can you have your hair dreſſed ſo vilely? it is by much the worſt managed of any head I know; and that hat is ſurely not of the neweſt faſhion. I was going

to mention an additional impropriety to-day, before you went out, but you was in ſuch a hurry, which is another very ill-judged method you have of conducting yourſelf.

L. My dear madam, how can you think of ſuch trifles when there is a matter of real conſequence in agitation. This poor young lady——

Mrs. O. Did ſhe walk here?

L. Ay, ſure! how the devil could we bring her elſe?

Mrs. O. There ſhe was very much to blame. That does not give me, now, the higheſt opinion of her in the world. What has ſhe got on?

L. 'Pon my ſoul I have not remarked. Do you ſuppoſe I had nothing elſe to think of but her dreſs?

Mrs.

Mrs. O. Ay, ay, as you ſay, I'm afraid you did think of ſomething elſe. Really, you ſhould have conſulted me, Leland, before you did it.

L. 'Sdeath, madam! how could I conſult you, when there was not a moment to be loſt in reſcuing her from the danger?

Mrs. O. You are quite wrong. What, ſhe came very willingly, I ſuppoſe?

L. No, really, ſhe was long before ſhe could reſolve upon doing either one thing or the other; either venture herſelf with ſtrangers, or remain at Albin's.

Mrs. O. There now! you ſee how liable ſhe is to act abſurdly. That ſhe could think of preferring Mrs. Albin's protection to mine! That alone is ſuch a proof of her ignorance and folly, that it can hardly be paralleled.

L. Dear

L. Dear Mrs. Oſwarne, you will not comprehend. I am very ſorry you determine upon viewing the buſineſs in a culpable light; indeed you injure her by your ſtrange arguments.

Mrs. O. O yes, I dare ſay it's all my fault; I made her run away, and I brought her here—Yes, yes, I alone am to blame!

L. Will you have the goodneſs to hear; and, when you have done that, will you, for once, ſtretch a point, and make uſe of your underſtanding? or, if you have none, I'll lend you mine.

Mrs. O. Very well, Leland: this you call friendly, I ſuppoſe. Ah! it was your mother's fault, and I always told her ſo, that you was ſo early encouraged in pertneſs. The good lady had but few failings; nevertheleſs, ſhe certainly indulged you too much:

much: Heaven bleſs her! I told her very frequently ſo.

L. Dear Mrs. Oſwarne, the young lady is waiting.

Mrs. O. Ay, now you ſee how it is — prefer a little girl, juſt picked up, to the memory of your mother! Indeed, Leland, you grow worſe and worſe. There was a time when you loved to ſit and talk of your dear, good mother, by the hour together; but every one alters, and you too, I ſuppoſe.

L. In one word, Mrs. Oſwarne, ſhall I introduce the lady, or ſhall Stawley and I ſet off to town with her immediately? One or the other muſt be done, for it is not an affair to trifle about.

Mrs. O. No; that is what makes me ſo uneaſy. If ſhe is a girl of fortune and

of

of conſequence, you have done a moſt meritorious act; but I fancy, when the truth comes out, we ſhall find a different ſtory.

Lel. Well, here comes Mr. Oſwarne with her. Poor thing! ſhe is terrified to death. She is a very delicate creature.

Mrs. O. I ſhall judge of her by her principal failing.

Oſw. I intreat you, madam, to walk up. Mrs. Oſwarne is above: every protection that her friendſhip and my eſteem can afford you, depend upon enjoying. —Stand out of the way, Stawley; put your d—d elbow in your pocket, if you can make no other uſe of it than ſticking it in my way! —— Mrs. Oſwarne, here is the young lady, whom our friends have done us the favour to recommend to our care; pray treat her affectionately. When angels viſit

us, they demand more than mortal attendance.

Mrs. O. Certainly! And I dare ſay, from the appearance of the lady, we ſhall find no impropriety in her conduct, to make us repent our attention to her.

Emily. Indeed, madam, if ever your generoſity was extended to the unfortunate, it could never be more ſafely ſhewn than to me. I have been no otherwiſe blameable than in preferring the honourable partiality of a faithful lover, to the rigorous bondage of a parent, who had forgot the duties of a mother, and the claims of a child.

Mrs. O. The young lady ſpeaks very well, Mr. Oſwarne, if——

Oſw. Then, for God's ſake, do let her go on; and don't indulge your own ſilly prattle, at her expence.

Mrs.

Mrs. O. I was going to——

Ofw. Expoſe yourſelf. No—do have a little mercy upon your reputation—not for your own ſake, but for mine.

Mrs. O. This haſty temper of your's, my dear, is intolerable.

Ofw. Quarter, quarter! Why can't you ſit down, and be quiet? You've the moſt diligent tongue!——Dear madam, let me intreat you to proceed; I wiſh much to hear your ſtory: but I think ſome refreſhment highly neceſſary before you ſleep, and ſome ſleep before you relate your miſfortunes. What will you have?—Ring the bell, Stawley; d——n it, do ſtir! You move like a pendulum, there and back again, without going a bit the faſter.

Staw. I wiſh I was like a pendulum.

Ofw. So do I; I wiſh you was hung!

Mrs. O. I am very ſure, madam, your wrongs muſt have been very great, and your ſufferings incredible: I dare ſay, they exceed any thing that ever was before known, and are unparalleled in all the accounts of oppreſſion and ſorrow; or elſe, I am certain, you would not have acted in ſo haſty a manner; as you know, my dear ma'am, the world, whom you may ſuppoſe me to repreſent——

Oſw. Ay! then, by G—, there's nothing *in the world* worth living for!

Mrs. O. How can you, Mr. Oſwarne, be ſo imperious?——I ſay, my good lady, people are ſo apt to talk——

Oſw. Yes, damn 'em! when they ſhould be getting ſomething for the young lady to partake of. But ſince none of you will move in the buſineſs, nor put your hand to

any

any thing but the bells, I'll ſee what can be done.

Mrs. O. I make no doubt but John will come preſently, Mr. Oſwarne.

Lel. Let us go and ſee if——

Staw. Ay do; we'll both go and look for——

Oſw. Z—ds! go then as faſt as you can.

Saying this, he put his hand on each ſhoulder, and, giving them a violent puſh, ſent both to the bottom of the ſtairs, and then followed himſelf with becoming phlegm and tranquillity.

Mrs. O. As we are now alone, madam, I may venture juſt to point out to you the impropriety of this ſtep; and when I know what you have done, and the motives of it, I ſhall be more able to condemn your conduct.

Emily. I have greater hopes, madam, from your indulgence, than from your equity: I only expect you not to criminate me in your own mind, without being enabled to form a right opinion of my ſituation. The gentlemen who ſo kindly protected me hither, gave me reaſon to expect every thing from your beneficence.

Mrs. O. You muſt conſider, young lady, that I am a woman; and therefore I muſt have a very high idea of female delicacy. When once that is infringed, the conſequences often prove very fatal. I will conſider you now as my daughter.

Emily. That is all I aſk, madam: ſhew me but the tenderneſs due to a daughter, and to one reduced as I am, and I ſhall be indeed beholden to you.

Mrs. O. Your name is——

Emily.

Emily. I could almoſt wiſh to forget my name.

Mrs. O. You cannot expect me, as a woman, to be contented with ſuch an anſwer. I confeſs, I am curious to know your hiſtory. The failings of our ſex, where they do fail, are generally, I am ſorry to ſay it, very unpardonable; and it ill becomes one female to be acceſſary to the errors of another. I hope, therefore, you will be able to exculpate yourſelf from any great charge of guilt: if you can, I ſhall look upon you with admiration, for you are the firſt female *of my acquaintance* that ever could.

Emily I cannot help fearing, madam, that your own virtues will lead you to view my deviation in a ſtronger light than perhaps it deſerves: my ſex ſhould excuſe ——

Mrs. O. Never; the ſex is the worſt apology you could make: men have ten thouſand reaſons, and ſound ones, for the commiſſion of a fault—but a woman has none; her ſex demands the moſt immaculate purity of fame and of mind: the leaſt taint in a man, becomes in a woman ſuch a hideous blemiſh, that all turn away their eyes, or behold her with deteſtation. O no, I aſſure you, I hold the faults of women to be no way excuſable; but men, men ought to find every vindication.

Mr. Oſwarne now returned with the two gentlemen; and ſome refreſhment was brought, of which Emily partook very ſparingly. Mrs. Oſwarne then entreated her to relate the circumſtances which had occaſioned ſo extraordinary an event as her arrival at their houſe.

Oſw. That fooliſh woman is never weary of hearing herſelf talk.—She does not wiſh you to tell your ſtory, madam; all ſhe wants is to have the pleaſure of aſking you. If you'll let her alone, and go to bed, ſhe will as gladly talk of any thing elſe.

Mrs. O. Is it not ſtrange, Mr. Oſwarne, that I cannot attend——

Oſw. The young lady to her chamber; yes, it is very ſtrange indeed!—Ring the bell, one of you two fellows, and don't ſit munching, and drinking wine—do put your hand to the bell as well as the bottle—Ay, that's right, ring again; pull d—d hard, for Mrs. Oſwarne's juſt going to ſpeak.

Lel. You ſeem much fatigued, madam, *(to Emily)*—I hope reſt will reſtore you.

Oſw.

Ofw. Then do let her alone, and don't worry her with hopes.

Mrs. O. In the morning, madam, I hope we ſhall be favoured with your little narrative; which will, I dare ſay, highly amuſe and ſtill more inſtruct us; it will, I preſume, teach us——

Ofw. To hold our tongues; a leſſon we want very much to learn. Pray, Mrs. Oſwarne, do us the favour to breakfaſt in bed to-morrow morning; I'll let you know when the lady has finiſhed her ſtory.

Emily. I feel myſelf under the moſt cruel embarraſſment at the idea of relating the events of my life; and I am ſhocked at the idea of giving ſo much trouble to ſuch a generous family.

Ofw. You lovely creature, how can you call that a trouble which we look upon as

the

the higheſt honour! If the ſacrifice of my life would do you any ſervice, believe me, I ſhould think the demand made to me a favour. Pray retire to reſt; I cannot bear to ſee you thus harraſſed by a waſp and a couple of butterflies! Do, let me intreat you, my ſweet girl, let me prevail upon you to recruit your ſtrength by repoſe. Cloſe thoſe brilliant eyes upon the world, and let them know their value, by being deprived of them. I ſhall eſteem this day a feaſt in the annals of gallantry and hoſpitality, ſince it has afforded me ſo delicious an opportunity of befriending a fair unfortunate. Conſider me and mine as only born to ſerve you, and——

Lel. My little endeavours to ——

Ofw. Go to the devil, and don't interrupt me! Never was any beaſt ſo rude as you

are,

are, Leland! A gentleman can't utter a ſingle word, but you are cock-a-hoop to put him out: I have told you of that curſed way a hundred times, and yet you will perſiſt, with your damned "endeavours!"—— Deareſt angel, never mind theſe fops and fools; look upon me as the hoſt upon whom you have beſtowed the care of your perſon, and the ſafety of your honour. Go to reſt; and all that my houſe and fortune can afford, ſhall ever be your's.

A ſervant now entered; and Emily, having expreſſed her acknowledgments, withdrew with Mrs. Oſwarne.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A woman who is above flattery, and deſpiſes all praiſe but that which flows from the approbation of her own heart, is, morally ſpeaking, out of the reach of ſeduction.

CLARISSA.

THE anguiſh and anxiety of Emily's mind, produced a high fever, which rendered her incapable of appearing at breakfaſt the next morning; but in a day or two, her ſpirits being ſoothed by the *continence* of Mrs. Oſwarne, who kindly withheld her own ideas reſpecting female imprudence, and deferred the artifices of cenſure till ſhe could be certain they would be liſtened to, Emily recovered, and was again introduced to the gentlemen.

It was now requiſite that ſhe ſhould declare who ſhe was, and confirm the detail which had, in the interim, been given by Leland and Stawley. It was ſome time before ſhe could be prevailed on to diſcover her name; but the repeated aſſurances of the company, that ſhe might every way depend on their confidence and honour, induced her at laſt to ſay that ſhe was the daughter of Sir Edward Bryant.

Oſw. What! the daughter of Sir Edward Bryant, of H.!

Mrs. O. Is it poſſible! Our good friend Sir Edward!

Oſw. How charmed I am, my dear madam, to ſee under my roof the child of my reſpectable acquaintance Sir Edward! a man whom I eſteem more than one half of my friends. I never, I think, had the pleaſure

of ſeeing you before. When I laſt dined there, which was juſt before I left town, you was in the country.

Mrs. O. I remember now, though it did not occur to me before, that Mr. Oſwarne told me how Lady Bryant, that day, talked a great deal about the duty of children to parents; and ſaid, what a melancholy thing it was to conſider the difficulties mothers had to conquer the ſtubborn—

Oſw. Now you're at it again! What a monſter you muſt be, to reflect on ſuch a lovely charmer as this is! I'll be ſlighted in love, if ſhe is to blame in the affair. Was I Miſs Bryant, I would not tell a word of my hiſtory, except to the maſter of the houſe, whom ſhe knows is bound to her by the tender influence of the fair ſex.

Mrs. O. Mr. Oſwarne, your impertinence

nence amazes me! It can be equalled by nothing but your ignorance of decorum. The character of a young woman——

Ofw. Is damnably unlike that of an old one! *You* may go on without fear of hurting your's; or elſe you would not take ſuch liberties with it.

Mrs. O. Mr. Oſwarne, I muſt correct you in that reſpect: when a woman is ſingle, there is every caution requiſite to the nice management of herſelf; the *œconomy of fame* ought then to be her principal object——

Ofw. As it is your's, for you are d—d frugal of your reputation. If you have a good character, you keep it all to yourſelf, for nobody ever perceived it.

Emily. It gives me infinite concern, that I ſhould be the cauſe of any difference between

between two people who are ſo much my friends. I beg and entreat you to put an end to the diſagreement.

Lel. Bleſs you, madam, this is nothing! Don't be uneaſy; the good folks underſtand one another perfectly well—I mean by that, they *miſunderſtand* one another. They know what they are about. Far be it from any body to interrupt them! No, no, as their humours ſuit ſo exactly, why ſhould one urge them to *divorce* the *diſpute?*

Owſ. Come, you blockhead, what do you mean?—Go on, dear Miſs Bryant: I ſhall never hear the account which I am ſo much intereſted in. Let me know how I can ſerve you.

Emily began. She related the whole narrative, from her firſt interview with Bruce, till her flight from her father's

houſe. She did not once endeavour to palliate her own imprudence in the laſt ſtep which ſhe had taken. She laid much ſtreſs on the inſolent intruſions of Lady Warynton; but paſſed ſlightly over the detail of her mother's tyranny. She was indeed an utter ſtranger to the flagitious breach of every duty which Lady Bryant had ſhewn, in coining the falſehood relative to Emily's depravity; and the tale was ſo improbable and ill-woven that every one would not receive it. When ſhe mentioned the information ſhe was furniſhed with by Albin, concerning Bruce's return, "My dear lady," ſaid Oſwarne, "how "have you been deceived! Mr. Bruce, "your lover, is ſtill at Oxford: I know his "family well, and can aſſure you that he "has never left that place. It is imagined

"he is to remain there a year or two "longer, unleſs his father ſhould have ano- "ther fit of illneſs." Emily was petrified with wonder at this notable diſcovery. "It "cannot be, Sir," ſaid ſhe, with a falter- ing voice; "he has written me many letters "ſince he returned; he has indeed: I will "ſhew you the direction of ſome of them." She brought the collection which ſhe had received after ſhe became intimate with the Albins. Upon a near inveſtiga- tion, the difference in the hand-writing was detected, with ſome difficulty; and ſhe was at laſt convinced that the recent epiſtles were the forgeries of her betrayer. Her ſtory excited the wonder and the com- paſſion of the company. "And now that "you are ſafe, my lovely charge," ſaid Oſ- warne, "dictate to me in what manner I

"ſhall announce your ſecurity to your
"friends. Theſe fellows here, and my-
"ſelf, will go to your family, if you approve
"it, and reveal the pleaſing intelligence
"of your arrival, to-morrow morning."
Emily pauſed: "I would firſt know, Sir,
"if they regret me; I would wiſh to be
"informed with what ſorrow they bewail
"my abſence: nor muſt it be expected that
"I am to be carried to them as a criminal
"who has fled from juſtice; or reſtored to
"them as a weak and thoughtleſs girl,
"who ſought for an opportunity to diſ-
"tinguiſh herſelf by her folly. I have done
"nothing but upon principle; I have
"ſhunned the inſolence of officious and im-
"pertinent friends, who made no allowance
"for the levity conſonant to my age, or the
"ſoftneſs natural to my ſex: they denied me

"not

" not only innocent pleaſure, but neceſſary
" liberty: my health was injured by confine-
" ment, and my ſpirits depreſſed by ill treat-
" ment. Had I been a boy, they dared not
" have oppreſſed me; the world would have
" been in arms againſt *the inſulted rights*
" *of a man:* but the women are doomed to
" ſuffer in ſilence; if they are not forgot-
" ten, they are not pitied, for *retreat is their*
" *proper ſtation*; and if they complain with
" vehemence, their *want of temper* juſtifies
" all their puniſhments. Had my own fa-
" mily been content merely to regard me
" as an inmate, as a ward entruſted to their
" care, and entitled to nothing but civility
" and competence; had they reformed my
" errors with a lenient hand, and indulged
" me in the gratification of moderate deſires;
" I ſhould not have been in a ſituation to ſo-

" licit the candour and aſſiſtance of this " company. I will not preſume to ſay that " my whole conduct would have invariably " done honour to their inſtructions and " their tenderneſs; but I would have " pledged my life never to have diſgraced " them by any unpardonable act of diſobe- " dience or temerity."

The tears of Emily evinced her ſincerity; and every one, except Mrs. Oſwarne, was deeply affected.

Mrs. O. And ſo then, Miſs Bryant, you ſtill perſiſt in your opinion? I hope you will think better of it; for indeed, when a young girl has committed a fault, ſhe ought to recollect herſelf, and reform.

Em. You have a right, madam, to be ſevere upon my late behaviour. You may, with a *propriety almoſt legal*, cenſure one, who

who is at preſent very far from being able to diſcuſs the nicer rules of decorum. I ſhall endeavour to ſhew a very grateful ſenſe of your hoſpitable treatment, for I ſhall receive your acrimony with the moſt ſtudied politeneſs.

Mrs. O. And ſo then——

" D—n you," ſaid Oſwarne, " I'll turn " you out of the room! When once you " women get hold of a ſiſter's failing, you " are always vexed that you could not add " that to the catalogue of your own. Now " do you envy this poor girl the commiſ- " ſion of a fault, which would have been loſt " in the eddy of your tumultous follies."

Mrs. O. How am I——

O. It would have been loſt—I ſay it would—yes, it would have been utterly unſeen, nobody would have been the better for

it. *Your* great abſurdities furniſh a laugh now and then to the fools who have nothing elſe to do, and keep ſuch people as Leland and t'other chap employed, and out of miſchief: but Miſs Bryant's fault would have been a drop in the ocean.

Mrs. O. It is a matter ſo obvious, Mr. Oſwarne, that I rather could wiſh you would take time to think about it. Here, on one ſide, is a young woman——

Oſw. Yes, and on t'other an old one, who I wiſh was any where elſe.

Mrs. O. I am inclined to think——

Oſw. Then indulge it; for I had rather you ſhould think like a fool, than talk like one.

Lel. At leaſt, Miſs Bryant, it will be but compaſſionate to your father to let him know you are ſafe, if you do not wiſh he

ſhould

ſhould be informed where you are. If you will honour me with the commiſſion, I ſhall be very happy to ſhew my ſkill in acquitting myſelf to his comfort, and your ſatisfaction.

Em. I am ſure, Sir, you are a man of honour, and may be truſted: the care you took of me, when I was in my diſtreſſed ſituation, ſo lately, entitles you to my fulleſt confidence.

A ſervant now rung at the gate, and Mr. Oſwarne was aſked, by his own man, if he would be at home to Mr. Albin? Emily was terrified at his arrival, and it was agreed that the whole party ſhould retire into another room, except Oſwarne, who told the ſervant to ſhew Albin up. Oſwarne and Albin had not lately viſited. The ſmooth and eaſy manners of the latter

were

were a perfect contraſt to the rugged aſperity of Oſwarne. When Albin's nefarious conduct in the world began to be known, Oſwarne would never ſpeak, *nor even bow to him*; for his own ſenſe of integrity was very ſtrong, and it was his pride to affront every man whom he could not reform. His relationſhip to Leland, whom Albin had, during his minority, ſo infamouſly wronged, was another bar to any interchange of civility, had Oſwarne been inclined to renew their acquaintance. The preſent buſineſs, however, made it neceſſary for them to meet, as Oſwarne had an earneſt wiſh to tell every man his opinion: Albin was therefore introduced.

Alb. How do you do, dear Mr. Oſwarne? I am delighted to ſee you. How well you look! ſtill that freſhneſs of the countenance,

countenance, that gay, florid appearance, which you uſed to wear. Ah, my dear Sir, you ſee me in the deepeſt diſtreſs! ſuch a circumſtance has happened, that reduces me to the moſt deſperate ſituation, I have hopes that you may be able to give me ſome information upon a point ſo eſſential to my happineſs and to my honour. I have therefore taken the liberty to wait on you; though I fear, from your late ſlights, you did not wiſh to ſee me. This opportunity, however, I ſhall ever reſpect, as it gives me the higheſt pleaſure to inquire after your health, and to find you perfectly at your eaſe in every reſpect. How does good Mrs. Oſwarne? I hope her ſpirits do not fail her: ſhe was ever uſed to be remarkably gay and lively; her airy converſation has often diverted me: I hope ſhe

is

is ſtill in poſſeſſion of thoſe ſpirits which afforded herſelf and her friends ſo much entertainment.

Oſw. Her tongue, like your's, never fails her; and her front is about as immoveable, only with this difference, that ſhe has nothing to reproach herſelf with. Have you any thing to ſay to me? if you have, ſay it, and be gone.

Alb. I ſhould be infinitely pleaſed, could I aſſure myſelf of your good wiſhes and friendly help in a very unfortunate affair, that has lately happened to me. As a neighbour I reſpect Mr. Oſwarne, for his known ſincerity and uprightneſs——

Oſw. Pray do not keep me here complimenting all day. Have you any thing to impart? Have your ſheep got the rot? Have your ducks ſtrayed? Has any part

of

of your houſe fallen in and was your wife unluckily gone to town that day?

Alb. You are very pleaſant.

Oſw. Indeed! why that's not very common with me. I don't know that I was ever told ſo before.

Alb. Every one will do me the juſtice to allow, that I always thought ſo, and ſaid ſo.

Oſw. And is that what you came about?

Alb. Dear Sir, you're poſitively lively to-day. No, my affair is moſt affecting indeed—But now may I depend upon your confidence and your help, in ſo dreadful a matter?

Oſw. Upon neither. It can be no ſecret with Mr. Albin, that you and I hate one another moſt abominably. If I had intereſt enough to promote you to the gal-

 lows,

lows, or to get you a *fine cure* place in yonder river, no endeavours of mine ſhould be wanting to alter your ſituation; and I dare ſay your opinion of me, and your good wiſhes for my intereſt, are equally cordial: thus far place every dependance upon me. If you tell me a ſecret, be aſſured I will divulge it; if you want my help, I'll certainly refuſe it, or, if I can, give it to your adverſary; if you are in diſtreſs—there is the door, and you know your way out: if you are ſtill in proſperity, there is the window, out of which you ſhall preſently depart, if you do not go the way you came in. Tell the ſtory of your misfortunes, that I may have the ſatisfaction of knowing villainy has had it's reward; and you will, for the firſt time in your life, have done a neighbourly action.

Alb.

Alb. I have not deſerved this treatment, Sir, from you: but you are in your own houſe, and conſequently ſafe from my reſentment. But now, good Mr. Oſwarne, do not ſuffer your temper, for a moment, to get the better of your judgment: hear my ſtory, and judge of my ſituation. I am a very unhappy man.

Oſw. Who the devil doubts it? Can a perſon live as you have done, Albin, and be happy? But come, don't keep me here all day, for I am engaged. What have you got to ſay? Is it any thing about the great tithes? or have you bought your houſe upon a falſe title? or do you want to build a church, and can't raiſe a ſubſcription?

Alb. Do you imagine, Sir, that theſe trifles can excite any uneaſineſs in me?

No,

No, dear Sir, it's a matter of far greater moment. A young lady who has been, for a few days, on a viſit to Mrs. Albin——

Oſw. Now, Albin, I'll ſet you right: I ſee it's a long ſtory, and you open with a lie—therefore I'll tell you; you may make yourſelf eaſy on the ſubject: Miſs Bryant is in my houſe, and as ſhe has eſcaped from your den, I ſhall take care to conduct her in ſafety to her family. No words! here ſhe is, and here ſhe ſhall remain. I deſire no farther diſcourſe with you; and ſo I wiſh you any thing but a good day.

Alb. Mr. Oſwarne, this is ſtrange behaviour! Sir, I am to be anſwerable for the young lady; and I demand her.

Oſw. You'll do nothing elſe, I promiſe you.

Alb.

Alb. You are miſtaken; I ſhall do a great deal more. It is not——

Oſw. By G—! go down ſtairs—Stir, move, or I'll—Do, pray go, before any miſchief comes on't. The lady is here, and I will protect her.

Alb. You have no right, I inſiſt upon ſeeing her: ſhe is ſomewhere here; I will ſpeak to her.

" You muſt firſt ſpeak to me!" ſaid Leland, who now burſt into the room. At the view of Leland, Albin's voice failed him, and he turned pale in an inſtant. Leland rung the bell: " I ſuppoſe your horſes " are ready, and there is your way down. " Never let me ſee your face again in any " houſe which I frequent. My own wrongs " I have forgiven you; and the various re- " ports I have heard of you have excited

" no other ſentiments in me, than thoſe of
" fixed and cool deteſtation: but the ho-
" nour of a woman of family, and a woman
" of character, is too precious a charge to
" be treated with contemptuous indiffe-
" rence."

" I am not to be bullied out of my
" ſenſes," replied Albin, " by two men
" leagued againſt me. You have robbed
" me of the right of protection, a right I
" would not reſign for worlds. I am not
" a fool, and you know to the contrary:
" I aſk nothing unreaſonable. Reſtore what
" you have taken from me by thoſe inſi-
" dious arts, which—

Oſw. Walk out—walk down this in-
ſtant. In my houſe, Sir, do you dare inſult
my friend! This inſtant vaniſh—retreat—

abſcond—depart, and go away. No reply, but take yourſelf out of my doors.

Alb. One word, Mr. Oſwarne, before I go. It is to prove——

Oſw. Why now, is there any thing ſo affronting and ſo inſolent, as to ſuppoſe that I want proofs of your villainy? as if my apprehenſion was ſo dull, as if my experience was ſo ſmall, as if my comprehenſion was ſo narrow, to want proofs! Sir, I deſire——

Alb. You do not ſee—

Oſw. Sir, I deſire to ſee nothing but your back—do me the favour, Sir, to ſhew me your ſhoulders—to oblige me with your eſcape—Damn you, walk out—if you, this inſtant, don't——

A ſervant now entered, and Leland ordered Mr. Albin's horſes to be ready. The *hint* was taken, and Albin withdrew, mut-

tering curſes on Oſwarne, on Leland, and on himſelf.

Lel. Miſs Bryant is terrified out of her ſenſes.

Oſw. So are you, or you would never have interrupted us as you did. This fellow would have gone away without *your* ſhewing yourſelf, but I ſuppoſe you was glad to make your appearance, and exhibit the opportunity you had of being revenged upon him.

Lel. No, really, I only came, as I thought you might wiſh for my preſence.

Emily, Mrs. Oſwarne and Captain Stawley now entered.

Em. I am truly vexed, Sir, at the trouble you may, perhaps, meet with through this effort in my favour: I tremble to think of the effects of Mr. Albin's reſentment.

He

He is a powerful man, and you may experience ſome fatal proofs of his malice and vengeance, if he knows I am here.

Oſw. I ſhall be charmed, deareſt madam, to riſque my life or fortune in your ſervice. Albin I care very little about; he is a wretch ſo well known, that if his power was greater than it is, he dare not injure me.

Mrs. O. You did very wrong, Mr. Oſwarne, if you told him Miſs Bryant was here: he will come again to ſeek for her.

Oſw. Not if he knows you are ſo near. I ſhall place the young lady under your care, that nobody may venture to approach her.

Lel. That's hard indeed, Mr. Oſwarne —You muſt be very barbarous, to prevent

every one from having acceſs to Miſs Bryant——Surely, madam, you will allow me, who had the honour of your aquaintance firſt, to be favoured with an occaſional interview.

Oſw. Once a quarter you ſhall peep through a glaſs-window for five minutes—that will be an *interview*. Or, if you will ſtand in the ſtreet, the lady ſhall appear at the window, and you may look at her through your opera-glaſs. She is under my auſpices, and I ſhall take care of her.

Lel. Why, will you let nobody ſee her?

Oſw. No, I am her father now.

Lel. Then it's your place to give her away.

Oſw. Do, do be ſerious, and don't be always

ways grinning——Your mouth is the greateſt enemy you have; it is always producing ſome teſtimony to your folly.—— Have you yet reſolved on any courſe which I, your humble ſlave, Miſs Bryant, am to take? Will it be right for you to remain concealed here, without giving Sir Edward the leaſt intimation that you are ſafe? I ſhould think not if you thought ſo, but I reſign every thing to your very ſuperior judgment; a judgment untainted by narrow prejudices, and youthful impetuoſity:—— You ſmile! Indeed I am in earneſt. That glow of delicate ſenſibility, which I ſee often on your cheek, aſſures me, that however you may again be prompted to take a haſty ſtep, and however well you might be ſupported in it, the idea would be ſpurned with deteſtation. I cannot therefore, I

muſt not, it would be inſult—inſult of the loweſt kind, and unworthy of a man, to adviſe you. You have opinions, and, what is more important, you have principles; let theſe be your guides. Bear up againſt the ſtorm which you have to encounter, and look upon me as your firm, your unalterable friend. I have a rudeneſs in my manners, which ill ſuits the charming, the attracting, the winning graces of Miſs Bryant. I am apt to ſpeak too plain, but never to a lady——

Lel. So that you ſee, Miſs Bryant, you muſt not rely on what he ſays.

Emily. I have already, Sir, declared, that if my own choice has any influence with you, I ſhould very much wiſh to know how my abſence has affected my family.

Oſw. Shall I wait upon Sir Edward?

Emily.

Emily. You are too good to me. Indeed, your clemency and candour point out the folly of my conduct more forcibly than all the rigour of reproach, or the ſurlineſs of lofty virtue: but I ſhall learn leſs to condemn myſelf, ſince the late event has afforded me a more intimate knowledge of Mr. Oſwarne's character.

Oſw. Divine girl! Ay, there it is; there beams the ſpirit and the goodneſs which deſerves every encouragement!—How can I aſſiſt you? Suppoſe I go to Sir Edward's; I may ſee Lady Bryant, and may be able to judge of their grief, or indifference, by a ſhort viſit. I will then make my report to you: if you think it right to return to them, I will conduct you; if you had rather remain here, and honour

my

my poor houſe with your preſence, I ſhall think my moſt earneſt endeavours to make you happy, even too abject for your acceptance: my wife and I, with my whole family, will then devote ourſelves to your pleaſures.

Emily. Your munificence, Sir, oppreſſes me. Surely I may meet with ſome lenity from others, if I am thus generouſly treated by one who knows only the moſt exceptionable part of my character!

Oſw. Nothing could increaſe the delight I feel in ſoothing your ſorrows, madam, but the pleaſure with which you accept my good wiſhes and humble offerings. To-morrow morning I will ſet out for town, and will execute my commiſſion as ſkilfully as I can.

The

The gentlemen offered their ſervices, which were politely declined by Emily, arrogantly repulſed by Oſwarne, and meanly cenſured by his wife with the true ſpirit of petty cavil.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Gallantry is not leſs compatible with *wiſdom* and *prudence*, than with *nature* and generoſity: and when under proper regulations, contributes more than any other invention to the *entertainment* and improvement of the youth of both ſexes. Were we to rob the feaſt of all its garniture of reaſon, diſcourſe, ſympathy, friendſhip, and gaiety, what remains would ſcarcely be worth acceptance, in the judgment of the truly elegant and luxurious.

HUME's ESSAYS, Vol. I. *Eſſay* XIV. *The Riſe of Arts and Sciences.*

THE admiration of Leland, at the firſt view of Emily's beauty, began now to form itſelf into a ſerious paſſion; and if he had not thought the juncture highly improper, he would have importunately pleaded the warmth of his partiality, as an excuſe for the many amorous glances which he darted at the fair mourner. His

ſituation

ſituation was very eligible; for the remains of his fortune, which had been reſcued from Albin, was ſtill large; and his perſon was agreeable and inſinuating. He had little to fear from his companion, Stawley, the originality of whoſe character deſerves ſome contemplation. Captain Stawley was about twenty-eight years of age. He had ſeen much of the world, but, like many others, had regulated the colour of facts by his own opinions, rather than his own opinions by what he ſaw or heard. His predominating humour was a deteſtation of all intellectual ſuperiority in the female ſex. He loved women, and was a man of great gallantry; but never towards thoſe who united elegant accompliſhments, or uncommon ſagacity, to the blandiſhments of beauty and of love.

The gay, the thoughtleſs, the ignorant, the luxurious, the ſimple, the low-bred, and the vulgar beauties, had all charms for him, provided their allurements were not *polluted* by any decorations of mind or body. Dreſs he hated in a woman, for he thought it loaded the delicacy of her form, and induced that preſumption which repulſes every one who, but for ſuch a blemiſh, would adore her perfections. Jewels, feathers, ribbands too obviouſly or too ſprucely diſplayed; powder, hair too faſhionably dreſſed, habits too elegantly made, were all prohibited by this rigid cenſor of female ſuperiority. His amours were therefore chiefly confined to the lower claſſes of ſociety. A blooming country girl, with fine eyes, roſy cheeks, and a hale, robuſt perſon, was ſure to win his heart, if ſhe dreſſed plain, and could not

read;

read; but if ſhe was able to peruſe novels, or even her bible, he uſed to ſay ſhe was undone. A very pretty ruſtic laſs, whom he found in one of the villages at a great diſtance from London, ſhot him through the heart by a pair of black eyes; and, after ſome parley, he brought her to town. Here ſhe learned to read and to write without his knowledge; but coming one evening unexpectedly into her apartment, he detected her peruſing the Pilgrim's Progreſs, which ſome friend had lent her. "You little, perfidious minx!" exclaimed Stawley, "ſo you are come to that at laſt! "I thought London would be your ruin; "and ſo your mother told you when you "talked of leaving her: but, however, ſince "I ſee your treachery, I ſhall leave you for "ever. Every thing is now at an end be-

"tween

"tween us." The poor girl cried terribly, and fell on her knees, begging his mercy: "No, no," ſaid Stawley, "while "you remained in your *ſtate of inno-* "*cence* as I took you, I was always your "friend; but, ſince you would eat of the "tree of knowledge, I'll have nothing to "do with you after the fall." He gave her a bank-note of twenty pounds, and never ſaw her again. The unfortunate creature, of courſe, made a *Pilgrim's Progreſs* through the world; and, as Stawley often ſaid, was ruined by a ſtate of civilization. The daughter of a counteſs ſoon after attracted his notice, and he paid his ſerious addreſſes to her; but hearing her one day explain the ſtory in Weſt's Picture of Regulus, he withdrew his admiration, and attached himſelf to an elegant idiot, who had nothing

nothing to recommend her but a fine face, a plain habit, and an intimacy with half the town. Stawell always declared, that mental employment abſorbed the powers of love in women; for that their minds were naturally too feeble to ſuſtain the fatigue of more propenſities than one. "No "man," he would ſay, "can be a ſtateſman "and an epic poet both at once: no mind "can admit the contemplation of two ſuch "diſſimilar ſtudies; and women, if they do "their duty, will find ample employment "in the ſtudy of *pleaſing*. To correct "their petty paſſions, to reform their ca-"prices, to ſuperintend their domeſtic, or "culinary concerns, are the proper avoca-"tions of the fair ſex." Stawell would hardly, if he had dared to ſpeak his real ſentiments, allow any woman to read; and

being once ſarcaſtically aſked, "if it was "not neceſſary to teach a girl of fortune "her alphabet?" he replied, "Certainly, "that ſhe may be able to mark one's "linen."

It was not, therefore, highly probable that he would be an admirer of Emily, whoſe accompliſhments were of the firſt kind, and of which ſhe had long been in the full poſſeſſion.

While ſhe was ill they were unable to eſtimate her talents; but the recovery of her ſpirits diſplayed them in their full luſtre. Emily's ſprightlineſs, when at its height, was uncommonly great; and as her mind was ſomewhat more compoſed than at her firſt arrival, Leland prevailed upon her to converſe without reſtraint. On the evening of that day, when ſhe firſt appeared

after

after her illneſs, Stawell and Leland were alone in the garden, and naturally ſpoke of Miſs Bryant.

Lel. I never, I think, ſaw ſo lovely a creature! and ſhe appears to have the ſweeteſt temper, with a fine ſpirit, which I adore her for.

Staw. Yes, 'faith, her ſpirit ſeems pretty lively; I had rather be her lover than her huſband.

Lel. And to all theſe beauties, ſhe ſuperadds a mind ſo delightfully cultivated, that—

Staw. Ay, there it is—that has been her deſtruction. Her playing, and drawing, and painting, and ſinging, and reading, and writing, and all the reſt of ſuch traſh, has turned her head, and reduced her to what we found her.

Lel. What a beautiful air was that ſhe

ſung!—So plaintive, and ſo expreſſive of her ſituation!

Staw. Ay, it would have been exquiſite, if it had not been played by a woman.

Lel. And the little ſketch of the farm was divine!

Staw. Yes, I fancy ſhe's a little wildly given.

Lel. And the readineſs with which ſhe rehearſed part of Pope's Elegy on the death of an unfortunate Lady!

Staw. Very true: ſhe ſeems to have a moſt maſculine memory——It's ſtrangely indelicate to repeat out of a book, and ſo correctly too.

Lel. Why, what the devil, would not you have her tell what ſhe knows.

Staw. No, upon no account; I think it highly indecent for a woman to exhibit all her

her naked notions in company. I would not ſwear that the girl is not what you call a learned woman; and I'd as ſoon marry Hecate, and take the cauldron as her portion; for the worſt conſequence would be

"Double, double,
"Toil and trouble."

Lel. Well, you may laugh—but ſhe has won my heart. She ſeems equally bleſſed with beauty of perſon and endowments of mind. Who is this lover of her's, I wonder, for whoſe ſake ſhe forſook her family? —I've a great mind to go with Oſwarne to-morrow, to Sir Edward's.

Staw. So would I, if I was not aſhamed of her erudition——'Pon my ſoul, it's diſgraceful to be the advocate of a man in woman's cloaths.

Lel. You don't merit the honour; for

you have not the ſenſe to underſtand her virtues.

Staw. There's no end to the plague of learned women. There's Mrs. Hindoo, and her ſiſter, Betty Bramin, always waſting their time in oriental ſtudies, poking over the Koran. I've a couſin who has been three months diſcovering the organ of hearing in crabs. Another woman is writing about the eclipſe at Maſſachuſet's —Indeed, Leland, I'd have nothing to do with any of them. I detected an old creature t'other day writing on the gout—How ugly ſhe was! Never meddle with learned women. A female never looks ſo charming as when ſhe is mainly ignorant——"*when unadorned, adorned the moſt,*" egad. —No, no, give me women as they were born; not with minds tortured and twiſted into

into every ſhape, ſo that you cannot diſtinguiſh the original one.——Sir, a woman that underſtands more languages than one, would not ſcruple to commit adultery; indeed you may ſay ſhe has been incontinent already; for if ſhe reads ſuch a number of books, ſhe has, you know, proſtituted her MIND to all comers. I myſelf have known two or three women who have been kept by almoſt all the great writers from Homer to Pope; and I have an old aunt of ſeventy-two, who, at this hour, intrigues with Tillotſon, Shakeſpeare, Parnell, and three Frenchmen; Fenelon, Boileau, and Le Sage. Then we wonder, that when people are ſo immodeſt, the morals of the age ſhould grow worſe. Sir, a woman's mind ſhould be preſerved with the ſame immaculate purity as her perſon;

and no more admit an illicit and unlimited commerce one way, than the other: a virgin mind, unſtained by ideas, will make a girl what ſhe ought to be; but when once ſhe begins to ſip of knowledge, ſhe will never be eaſy without *drams* of *metaphor* and *trope*, or perhaps at laſt ruin her intellectual conſtitution and ſtamina, by the *ſtrong cordials* of wit and ſentiment.

They now returned to the houſe, and the next morning Leland and Oſwarne ſet off for London.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Alike the buſy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dreſt;
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough miſchance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in duſt to reſt.

GRAY, *Ode on the Spring.*

WHEN Bruce arrived in town with young Bryant, they found his mother, Lady Bryant, accompanied by Lady Warynton, and Lady Spelman. She ſeemed eaſily ſoothed by the tenderneſs of theſe conſtant friends, and replied to ſome vague queſtions, which her ſon aſked, without much apparent agitation. "How could "this odd affair come about, madam?" ſaid

ſaid the *lively* hope of the Bryant family.

Lady B. Do not increaſe my affliction, my dear boy, by again reminding me of it. Your ſiſter is abandoned. Why ſhe has deſerted ſuch a parent as I have been to her, will, I am afraid, be too ſoon diſcovered.

Lady W. Ay, we all know how undutiful ſhe has behaved herſelf from her cradle; and I hope, child, you will take example from this miſerable creature, and ſo deport yourſelf to your friends, as to do honour to your family.

Lady Sp. Very true, we have long ago foreſeen what would happen: every body was highly ſenſible of Lady Bryant's goodneſs.

Lady B. Except her who ought to have the moſt acknowledged it.

Bry. Have you dined, ma'am?—What are we to do? Is my father gone to ſee for her?

Lady Sp. Lord Warynton, Lord Spelman, and Sir Edward ſet out in two hours after it was diſcovered; but as they cannot imagine which way ſhe went, I ſuppoſe they will return at night.

Bry. I am very ſorry they have ſo much trouble. Did ſhe take any thing with her, ma'am?

Lady Sp. My good friend, you had better not preſs queſtion upon queſtion on your good mother. I hope Emily will return to her duty, and this little flaw muſt be forgotten.

Bry. Ay that's beſt; I dare ſay ſhe'll come back in a day or two.

Lady W. I wiſh principally to conſole you,

you, Mr. Bryant, under this diſcouraging ſituation, and I am therefore willing to hope the beſt.

Bry. Yes, it's the beſt way to be contented.

Lady B. You muſt not think of going in ſearch of her, my dear boy. Stay you, the pride of my heart, and comfort me in this hour of ſorrow.

Bry. What ſhall we do to paſs the time? Shall we talk? I was thinking how it would be with you.—Lord! Lady Warynton, what d'ye think? my poor mare had a fall yeſterday, and the creature goes quite lame. I want to call upon Fozard, but my haſte in coming here prevented me. I'll go there to-morrow morning.

Lady W. Yes; but, my dear young friend, we muſt all be affected at this event,

and

and therefore, why ſhould we diſguiſe our feelings? It's ſo like that diſagreeable buſineſs of Miſs Lightfoot, who ran away with Billy Bark, the lawyer; I was ſorry to find myſelf involved in it, but I did all I could. If I had prevailed, ſhe ſhould long before that have married her guardian; but people are blind to their own happineſs. Billy Bark was a pretty fellow too, and might have tied himſelf to my friend the widow Friſk, if he had known what he was about. I ſhould have managed the whole buſineſs much better, if I had not had ſome other important affairs upon my hands at that time.

Bry. I'm really very much affected—and very dry.

A ſervant now entered, and announced Miſs Benwal, who at a criſis of woe al-

ways ran to *comfort the afflicted*, and to put them in mind of trials for the faith. Let me do her juſtice: ſhe really wiſhed well to all her friends, and would exert herſelf in every way to conſole them under misfortunes, and to congratulate them in proſperity; but her modes of diſtributing her wiſhes were ſingular and eccentric. She drew every idea of good-breeding and complaiſance from the Bible; ſhe piqued herſelf upon her urbanity; and inſiſted ſtrongly, that every one mentioned with praiſe in the Bible was *well-bred*. She once wrote a copious commentary on the eighteenth chapter of Geneſis, wherein ſhe ſeverely reprobated the *rudeneſs* and *unpoliteneſs* of Sarah, in not keeping her countenance when ſhe was promiſed a child.

Miſs Ben. Good Lady Bryant, how are you,

you, after this ſaid affair?—well, be of good cheer, we were made to ſuffer, and therefore, depend upon it, it's juſt as it ſhould be.—Lady Warynton, this is kind of you, to come and help our friend out of the miry clay.

Lady W. I am greatly ſhocked, Miſs Benwal, at this misfortune; but we muſt ſubmit to the will of Providence.

Miſs Ben. Ah! he is very good to us, madam—he is very good to us—he ſends meat to the young ravens—all is perfectly right, you need not doubt—I dare ſay Miſs Bryant eloped for ſome great end.

Lady W. Yes, indeed, ſo I fear;—but, however, Sir Edward, and the reſt of the party who are gone after her, will, I hope, find her, and reſtore her to the diſconſolate family.

Miſs Ben. Dear me! What, have you ſent after her! I'm ſurpriſed at that! Why had you no truſt in Heaven, Lady Bryant? Indeed I judge it diſobedient to Providence, not to acquieſce with ſilent obedience and humility to his dictates.

Lady B. For Heaven's ſake, Miſs Benwal! would you not have me endeavour to regain my child?

Miſs Ben. It is true, ma'am, that there are ſome wicked men, who, as Habakkuk tells us, *take up all of them with the angle*; but we muſt be reſigned, madam—we muſt be reſigned. Your troubles are nothing; I could give you ſuch proofs of how much you might be made to bear!—There was a poor woman with me to-day, who laſt year fell down, and, pleaſe God, put out her elbow; then Heaven thought it right that

ſhe

ſhe ſhould providentially loſe an eye, and by the grace of God, the ſurgeon could not reſtore it; then, ma'am, to complete all, ſhe loſt her huſband. "*The Lord gave*," you know, and "*the Lord taketh away—bleſſed is the name of the Lord.*" Beſides, ma'am, remember Job—and Jeremiah—and Jeptha—and Eſau, who bartered his birthright for a breakfaſt—there are inſtances! I always ſet them forth. I have done a great deal of devotion to-day—I have indeed: I have breeched two boys, who knew all their catechiſm, and were of courſe old enough; I've diſpoſed of a living; heard good little Dapperdo't break the ice, and preach his maiden ſermon; I've compoſed an hymn on the longeſt day, for the 21ſt of June; and have propoſed a prize poem for my poor houſe, the ſubject as follows, *Haman's*

laſt dying ſpeech before he was hanged. It is a fine ſcope for poetry. I've given ſome hints—ſuch as theſe: he relates ſeeing Vaſht in a viſion—Remorſe on her pride—Inſinuates that he borrowed money from Mordecai the Jew—Reflections on compound intereſt—Haman's invocation to the hangman—A very fine ſimile of hemp: there I mean the poet ſhould introduce ſome lines on the utility of poor-houſes. The poem is to *cloſe* with a very fine preface, in which the author is to narrate the *origin and progreſs* of things *to come.*

The mention and deſcription of Miſs Benwall's poem, were ſo abſtracted from the ſituation, and ſo far above the comprehenſion of Lady Bryant, as well as her gueſts, that they hardly knew what anſwer

to

to make; at laſt, however, Lady Waryn-ton, who loved to be buſy, ſpoke thus.

Lady W. Pray, Miſs Benwall, do you mean to ſay any thing in it about undutiful children, and ſuch as laugh at the good advice given them.

Miſs Ben. Certainly! Eliſha will do—and there I'll make the bard bring in the bears—

Lady W. Out of the wood?—

Lady B. Or rather, into it—but indeed, Miſs Benwall, I approve your plan extremely.

Mr. Temple was now unluckily announced, and, after him, Lady Lucy Veer, with ſome others, who were very intimate in the family; and, among them, young Evelyne.

No one expected to have ſeen Lady Bry-

ant: from motives of delicacy, ſhe ought to have kept herſelf private, and ſeen only a few friends, with whom ſhe might have placed her hand before her face, " *to hide* " *the floods of tears ſhe did—not ſhed.*" But ſhe preferred ſhewing how well, how philoſophically, ſhe bore the loſs of her daughter; and her *nice* ſenſe of honour, and *tenderneſs* for Emily's character, would not allow any one to tell the ſtory of her flight but herſelf. Her levee was therefore ſoon full; the kindneſs of a few, the malignity of many, and the curioſity of all, quickly raiſed a regiment of conſoling inquirers, who for once really " *preferred viſiting the houſe of* " *mourning to the houſe of feaſting.*"

Lady B. How very kind it is in you all to viſit me in this diſtreſſing ſituation? The meeting of ſo many friends takes off a little

tle from my exceſſive grief.—Dear Lady Lucy Veer, I am glad you *made up your mind* at laſt to call upon me—and you too, Mr. Temple: all this greatly delights me.

Mr. Tem. Why really, I hardly ever ſaw your ladyſhip's rooms ſo full. I ſhould be unwilling to give them more praiſe than is their due; but I preſume they aſſemble here to prevent *your* grief being *fatal* to you. Every one knows how deeply ſuch a loſs as Miſs Bryant muſt affect you: and it is, perhaps, difficult to ſay, whether your female viſitors, or yourſelf, moſt earneſtly wiſh for her return.

Lady L. Veer. Well, I proteſt, Mr. Temple, I do admire your irony—No, upon recollection, I deteſt it, for it always wounds in the tendereſt part—But again, your gallantry makes amends; and yet

your concluſions undo every thing: not that you infer very rudely from our ſex, but ſtill you are too hard upon them.

Lady B. My dear friends, I am really charmed with the ſincerity of your condolence. The heart-felt ſorrow you teſtify at my recent misfortunes, the gloom which is ſpread over your countenances, and the tears which bedew your cheeks, are proper evidences to the ſeverity of my affliction. I am as much obliged to Mr. Temple, for *putting his merriment in mourning*.

Mr. Tem. As we, madam, ſhould be, were you to ſhew your's in its true colours. I came, my good Lady Bryant, not to condole. Your own philoſophical diſpoſition muſt teach you to bear ſo dreadful, ſo irreparable a loſs, as being deprived of the contemplation of your daughter's beauty,

beauty, wit, accompliſhments, elegance, and taſte. It is a loſs, madam, which we are all ſenſible of, but none ſo much ſo as your ladyſhip. Her return would have the ſtrongeſt effect upon us all; but the affection, tenderneſs, and candour of a mother, would, I firmly believe, be yet more *viſibly* touched at the ſight of her. Every mother is not like Lady Bryant; but, indeed, the world know not how juſtly to eſtimate *your* maternal worth. They will all, however, unite in declaring, that Lady Bryant has moſt ſcrupulouſly avoided laviſhing on her dear Emily that pernicious indulgence, which leads children of every age into the commiſſion of indiſcretions. If your daughter quitted you, madam, ſhe deſerted a ſituation which the ſevereſt devotee, and the moſt ſullen moraliſt, might

have ſelected as the ſureſt paſſport to future felicity.

Lady Bryant bit her lips with rage and ſhame. She dared not purſue Mr. Temple with any acrimony, and ſhe was aſtoniſhed to find that he knew her real conduct towards Emily.

Evelyne now addreſſed Lady Bryant, in a pathetic and elegant compliment, on the grief of her friends for the recent event. He then endeavoured to amuſe her with ſome airy converſation; and ſucceeded ſo well, that in half an hour her ladyſhip burſt into a laugh, which ſhe had ſome difficulty to ſmother, when ſhe recollected the impropriety of it. The viſit ended in about three hours, and Evelyne returned in the carriage with Mr. Temple. As they were quitting the room, Temple ſaid to Evelyne,

lyne, " I have not heard you ſay any thing " applicable to this melancholy aſſembly." The latter ſeemed not to attend to him, but in a few minutes he took down a little drawing of the rape of Proſerpine, with Ceres in the back-ground, executed by Miſs Bryant. The goddeſs was accompanied by her nymphs, who appeared conſoling her on the loſs. Evelyne took out his pencil, and wrote at the back of the drawing, the following lines from the tenth Canzone of Chiabrera. The epigrammatic application forcibly ſtruck thoſe who underſtood them, and Evelyne retired with ſome applauſe:

Vid' io ne' più dolenti
Scherzi, ſorriſi e giochi;
Piaghe, tormenti e fochi
Vid' io ne' i più contenti.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Il faut s'honorer pour être honorée; comment peut-on mériter le reſpect d'autrui ſans en avoir pour ſoi-même?

ROUSSEAU, *La Nouvelle Heloiſe*, v. *p. l.* 13.

BRUCE, who could get no intelligence from any of the domeſtics, had recourſe to Mrs. Lewſton. She had ſufficient love for herſelf to diſown any knowledge of Emily's eſcape before it happened; but by being much importuned, and a few preſents given to her, with the addition of ſome exhilarating beverage, ſhe was prevailed on, like the inſidious Philoctetes, to *point* to the place which ſhe would not name. She indicated the road which the diſtreſſed fugitive had taken, but without any

any other information than that ſhe *believed* ſhe was under the care of ſome people of fortune, who loved her; and that ſhe was to meet a young gentleman, to whom ſhe had been long attached. Bruce ſtarted at the news, and, after promiſing the utmoſt ſecrecy to Mrs. Lewſton, repaired immediately to Colonel Orford, whom he found at home. He was ſo deeply affected with the loſs of Miſs Bryant, that Orford had much difficulty to make him render an intelligible account of the affair. After ſome lamentations, and conſidering what plan he ſhould adopt for the recovery of his miſtreſs, or the ſettlement of his own ſituation in life, he determined to give up every thing to love and Emily; to ſee the *baſe uſurper* of her heart, to reproach her with the breach of truth and decorum, and to endeavour,

endeavour, from her penitence and remorſe, to find ſufficient reaſons for reſtoring her to his good opinion. He perſuaded Orford to accompany him in this ſearch for her; adding, that if he was ſo happy as to bring her back to the family, it might be an inducement to them, when he made himſelf known, to admit his ſuit, and to receive him as her huſband. That Lady Bryant's cruelty alone, he was ſure, had driven her to ſeek for refuge in the houſe of another; that he could depend upon his Emily's conſtancy to her Bruce, though fear and impetuoſity had made her do an imprudent action: that the ſtory of another lover was infamouſly falſe, for that a paſſion like *his* and Emily's could never be changed. Orford could not help ſmiling at his friend's romantic enthuſiaſm, though he ſincerely

pitied

pitied his diſtreſs. As he was an idle man, and very good-natured, he conſented readily to accompany him; and the next morning was the appointed time, though Bruce was very unwilling to wait ſo long, and frequently repeated that the *preſent hour* was the ſeaſon of lovers.

At his return, he revealed his intention to Mrs. Lewſton; ſhe faithfully promiſed to *remain ignorant* of his departure, for he told her, that his whole wiſh was to ſerve the family, eſpecially Sir Edward, for whom he had a great reſpect: as a proof of it, he ſhould ſay nothing to Lady Bryant, nor perhaps return to the houſe again, unleſs he could find Miſs Bryant. That they were welcome to the little ſervice he had rendered them, during the ſhort time he lived with Sir Edward, and expected no recompence

pence but the honour of his good opinion.

The next morning, before ſix o'clock, he went to Orford's; their horſes being ready, they departed. After riding about a mile, during which Bruce was very ſilent, "You know," ſaid Orford, "I am happy "to ſerve you; but, upon my ſoul, I think "your purſuit of this girl is very wild: you "are, I ſuppoſe, not more warmly attached "to her than you have been to fifty before; "and therefore, as ſhe has probably fled "with a more favoured ſwain, "*let her*, "*let her go, and never never mind her.*" "Your ardour will no doubt ſoon wear off."

Bruce. What did you ſay? "*Wear off!*" —*wear off!* I account this ill uſage, Orford; and I thought you knew me too well to ſuſpect I would bear even a friend's de-

riſion of my fidelity in love. There is a difference, Sir, between a light inclination, and a fond, a noble, an ever-living paſſion; a paſſion which none but fools ridicule, and which none but vicious men deprave; a paſſion which can only be expreſſed by poetry——

Col. Orf. And can only be correctly defined by proſe.

Bruce. You who never had either paſſion or poetry, can form no adequate idea of the delights in one or the other. I have indulged in both.

Col. Orf. And one has always been as wild as the other; both have been devoid of uniformity and taſte; both have great reſemblance, and the only different feature in them is, that your paſſion is always found too ſhort, and your poetry too long.

Bruce.

Bruce. Who made you a critic?

Col. Orf. A good critic never waſtes his time on unworthy contemplation; I therefore ſhall not ſtop to notice your mad metre: nay, I'll do more; I'll criticiſe all your future poems, on condition you will not expect me to read them; and I'll approve all your miſtreſſes to come, provided you'll not think it neceſſary I ſhould admire them.

Bruce. I am aſhamed to hear you talk ſo childiſhly, Orford; you will make me have a mean opinion of your diſcernment, and a ſtill meaner of your friendſhip: that man cannot but appear deſpicable in the eyes of every one, who, when his friend claims his aſſiſtance, only beſtows an idle jeſt, or a giddy laugh, at the moſt ſerious conſiderations.

Col.

Col. Orf. Did you ever yet meet with any body who could keep their countenance, when you talked of a ſolid and ſerious paſſion?

Bruce. I never knew a real friend, let his companion's grief be either ſeriouſly true, or ſkilfully artificial, who, if he really felt the regard he profeſſed, could indulge his propenſity to merriment at the time when ſuch a friend appeared agonizing with all the pangs of the fatal paſſion. If my fondneſs is tranſient, you ought at leaſt to pity me, for you ſee it produces all the effects of a long and a tried attachment.

Col. Orf. Yes, yes, it may be a *tried* attachment; I only ſay it is not a *proved* one.

Bruce. It is proved; proved inconteſtibly—proved by my thoughts, my looks, my words, and my actions: the whole buſineſs

ſineſs of my life is to ſhew that I live only for Emily Bryant.

Col. Orf. As you have lived for, and lived with, her predeceſſors, who reigned in your heart. How many have been elected and depoſed in the laſt twelve-month? This little ſoul, whom, I preſume, you know no more of than a mere common acquaintance, has now gained a deſpotic ſway, and you are flying to her ſtandard; when, in a month, if a more powerful beauty comes, you forget your fealty, and deſert to ſome *common friend of mankind.*

Bruce. I pity your narrow prejudices, that prevent your diſtinguiſhing a true from a falſe love. Were I to forfeit my allegiance to my Emily, I ſhould deſerve to be the object of public ſcorn and hatred.

When I forget her, I muſt forget myſelf; nay, what would be even more vile, more culpable, more unpardonable, I muſt forget my friends: that ſacred ſource of undeviating virtue, and unfailing happineſs, would be the next ſacrifice to the reſignation of my miſtreſs — Dear Emily! —Excellent friends!—Reign, reign together in this heart! Share that plenitude of enthuſiaſm which I am proud to acknowledge for you all.——How great it is to be a friend! Recollect Pylades and Oreſtes; contemplate Nyſus and Euryalus; Achilles and Patroclus; add to theſe my friends, and I——

They had now proceeded ſome miles, and were riding over a heath, when they were overtaken by a young lady on horſeback, with a ſervant. They were on a

briſk trot, and the lady's horſe threw her immediately after ſhe had paſſed them; one of her feet being fixed in the ſtirrup, ſhe would have been dragged along by the horſe, if Orford and Bruce had not rode up, and, ſeizing the animal by the bridle, reſcued the lady, perhaps, from being torn to pieces.

After ſome little converſation, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had but two miles to go home, and was not apprehenſive of any immediate danger, either from the accident or the horſe. She wiſhed them good morning, and, mounting again, galloped away with great ſpirit.

"Faith," ſaid Orford, "I was half afraid "we muſt have ſeen her home; it was not "very gallant to let her go without a guide "or protector: but the urgency of our af-

"fairs

"fairs muſt plead our excuſe. She may
"meet with another accident—Well, how-
"ever, it would be cruel to put your gal-
"lantry to ſo very ſevere a trial. Come,
"let us endeavour to gain by ſpeed, the
"time we have loſt through this little
"affair." Bruce made no reply; he ſtood ſtaring, with his eyes reſolutely fixed on the road the lady took when ſhe left them. "She is a fine girl," purſued Orford; "and I ſhould be ſorry to hear ſhe
"came to any miſchief through my want
"of good breeding: as to you, it was very
"excuſeable, for your mind muſt be ſo
"utterly taken up with your Emily, that
"it would have been a ſpecies of incon-
"ſtancy in you to have ſaved a fine girl
"from any danger, by employing that time
"which ought to be dedicated only to your

" miſtreſs. I forgive you, and ſo, I am
" ſure, would the whole world. Nay, nay,
" Bruce, be not mortified at your rudeneſs
" to her; the coldneſs you ſhewed was
" very proper, and quite conſiſtent with
" your ſituation: could it be explained to
" the lady, ſhe has ſufficient knowledge of
" a lover's anxiety, I dare ſay, to excuſe
" you. Come, cheer up; ſhe does not
" know your name, and perhaps, in ſo
" ſhort a time, hardly your perſon; ſo you
" need not fear being branded for a clown.
" Let us make haſte, for you want to fol-
" low Miſs Bryant, and I want ſome break-
" faſt." Bruce ſtill remained ſtretching out his neck after the lady, and remained totally inattentive to all his friend's harangue. The colonel urged him to ſet

off;

off; upon which, being ſtruck with the lady's beauty, he proclaimed to Orford his ſenſe of the barbarity in leaving a woman in diſtreſs, and concluding his ſpeech with the words, *we muſt take care of her*, he ſpurred his ſteed, and followed the lady.

Colonel Orford's aſtoniſhment for ſome time overcame every other conſideration. He at firſt began to think he had miſtaken Bruce's words; but finding he was out of ſight, thought it high time to purſue him. He overtook him about a mile diſtant (ſo rapidly had Bruce proceeded) juſt as he came up with the lady: "Our rudeneſs, madam," ſaid Bruce to her, "can only be equalled by our want "of humanity in leaving ſo charming a "woman to the fatal accidents you might

" meet with before you arrive at your own " houſe. I am quite ſhocked at the ſenſe " of our unpardonable negligence, and " could not reſiſt ſoliciting permiſſion " to entreat forgiveneſs, at your own " houſe, where we muſt poſitively attend " you."

Orford was petrified with wonder; he had really not power to ſpeak; and when he began to recover himſelf, was tranſported with indignation. He ſoon, however, addreſſed the lady.

Col. O. Had you known, madam, the indiſpenſable affair we were engaged in, which was to ſearch for a young——

Br. No matter what we were engaged in; every thing ought to give way to the intereſts of a woman in diſtreſs.—I hope, madam,

madam, you accept my apology; and, as a proof of it, that you will accept my ſervices.

The lady ſurveyed them with amazement, as ſhe did not expect to ſee them again, and was not prepared for the ſpeech in which Bruce addreſſed her. She, however, with much tranquillity, thanked him for his attention, and added a declaration, how very much concerned ſhe ſhould be to draw him from more agreeable, or perhaps more neceſſary, engagements.

Br. When I am with you, madam, I conſider no engagements *agreeable*, but what are *neceſſary* to my happineſs; none *neceſſary*, but what are *agreeable* to my inclinations: in fewer words, I wiſh only

to

to attend you in defiance of all my other appointments.

Colonel Orford began now to perceive, what he by no means at firſt ſuſpected, that Bruce was perfectly faſcinated with the perſon and deportment of this young lady.

Lady. And in return, Sir, I ſuppoſe you expect that I ſhould attend to you, in defiance of all mine? If theſe are your claims for the civility done me, I can only ſay, that I entreat you will ride with me to the houſe of my guardian, about a mile diſtant, and he will return you thanks for taking ſo long a ride to ſo little purpoſe.

Br. To any purpoſe, madam, I ſhould follow you, whether it was important or

inſignificant,

inſignificant, if the latter word can be uſed properly, when thinking of you. I ſhall gladly accept your invitation; and if your guardian is but half ſo *inviting* as his ward, I ſhall not be able to think that I have gone out of my way.

Lady. I do not hear your friend ſay ſo much; I apprehend he is a wary man, and does not riſque his opinions, his compliments, or his perſon, without being very ſure they will be ſafe. I beg your pardon, Sir; but if ever you know me better, you will find the great leſſon that all my friends have to learn of me, is *forgiveneſs*; for I offend them ſo often, by the flippancy of my tongue, that ſome people think every man who keeps me company ſhould be a warrior.

Br. Dear

Br. Dear madam, a man need not fight to love——

Lady. True, Sir; and, perhaps, you may think a man need not love to fight.

Br. Yes he muſt——if a lady is to be won merely by the point of a ſword: but I have ſeen inſtances where they have been gained only by the hilt.

Lady. To that effect, men muſt have courage in ſhewing the one, and taſte in diſplaying the other; but you know, ha! ha! that ſwords are now very little worn.

Br. 'Faith, madam, they need not, when the ladies always carry ſuch two-edged weapons about them, and make it a *point* to draw their tongue upon every one they meet.

Lady. Self-defence, Sir——If we drew

no

no oftener than the gentlemen, what would become of us? Ha! ha! ha!

Br. You recollect, madam, that when you flouriſh your weapon ſo often, the men are obliged to do the ſame——and I dare ſay, many of your friends have abilities in a ſkirmiſh of this kind.

Lady. No, Sir, no—all they can boaſt of is a little ſkill in the *ſmall* ſword.

They now reached the houſe, where the lady reſided. Bruce, captivated by her beauty and ſpirit, yielded to her entreaties, that they would accompany her. He deſerted the cauſe of his Emily, and forgot how intimately her welfare was mingled with his own. The ſafety of his miſtreſs, which was the object of his journey, and the foundation of his happi-

neſs,

neſs, was now ſlighted; and by the ſkill he diſplayed, in purſuing the firſt object of his affections, with the ſubſequent tameneſs and caprice, in reſigning that heart which was the property of another, he proved the truth of a remark made by Cardinal de Retz (Memoires, Liv. ii.) on the weakneſs of M D'Elbeuf: "L'Eſprit "dans les grandes affaires n'eſt rien ſans "le cœur."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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